

The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in 1768, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-ninth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions. It is published weekly, except on Sundays and holidays, in the English language. It contains a large amount of news, and is one of the most valuable papers in the city. It is published at the rate of \$1.00 per year in advance. Single copies are sold at 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news stands in the city. Subscribers are asked to send their orders to the publishers, by enclosing the payment.

Local Matters.

A Big Business Enterprise

We mentioned some time ago that a charter had been issued by the Secretary of State for a company to go into the shipbuilding business on the shores of the bay in Portsmouth. The company has now been organized with Henry C. Anthony of Portsmouth president. The other officers are: Vice-presidents, John L. Borden, Portsmouth; Henry H. Read, Newport; Capt. Charles S. Dennis, Boston. Treasurer, George R. Linton, Tiverton. Assistant Treasurer, Leslie P. Westcott, Providence.

The company, it is reported, has purchased a large tract of land in Portsmouth just to the north of the naval coaling station. This tract has a water frontage of 2000 feet and it extends back 1500 feet to the steam railroad track. There is also land on the other side of the car tracks and the company has a 40-ft. way to the trolley line.

From the well known financial ability of the men concerned in this enterprise it looks as though a big business in ship building would soon be underway in this section.

Banquet and Parade

A parade will take place Monday evening as a farewell tribute to Newport's remaining 55 per cent of the draft quota. After the parade a banquet will be held in Masonic Hall. The speakers will be Governor R. Livingston Beekman, Mayor Burdick and Mr. William R. Harvey.

A "red, white and blue" dance will be held at the beach, Tuesday evening, under the management of Mr. Henry G. Riley. The proceeds to be devoted for a company fund for the Newport men.

Excelsior and Rhode Island Lodges of Odd Fellows and the Red men will give a farewell reception for their members Tuesday evening.

The horses given by the late George G. Hall of Portsmouth for the benefit of the Red Cross, were sold yesterday at auction by Mr. Fred W. Greene to an out-of-town buyer. The whole outfit brought \$500.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston will pay Newport a visit next Tuesday. They will come in autos. A special drill has been arranged for them at the Training Station, and a special lunch will be served at the beach.

Ex-Mayor Garrettsen has been appointed chairman of the committee to float the new Liberty Loan bonds in Newport. The campaign will start next Monday.

Rev. Ralph Everett Venable, will preach at the Channing Memorial Church tomorrow. Mr. Venable is a cousin of Rev. William Safford Jones.

Miss Elsa P. Lake, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Lake, has come to Providence to resume her studies at the Rhode Island School of Design.

Tuesday evening some new medals were elected to the Newport Artillery Company.

Rev. Wm. Brandon this one has moved his house here and returned to his duties at Princeton University.

WEDDING BELLS.

Lindstrom-Johnson

A pretty wedding took place Wednesday evening at the Swedish Lutheran Evangelical Church on Corne street, the contracting parties being Miss Ethel Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Johnson, and Machinist Emil L. Lindstrom, U. S. N., of the Naval Training Station. The church was made very attractive with palms and white hydrangeas and the altar was decorated with white roses. The bride entered the church on the arm of her father and wore a gown of white satin trimmed with lace and pearls. Her long veil was caught up with orange blossoms and she carried a bouquet of white roses. Rev. Martin L. Swanson, pastor of the church, officiated.

The duties of best man were performed by Chief-Master-at-Arms J. F. Weldich, U. S. N. Mr. Francis Johnson, brother of the bride, played the wedding marches as the bridal party entered and left the church.

A reception followed in the Builders and Merchants hall which was attended by a very large gathering of relatives and friends.

Home for the Aged

The annual meeting of the Home for the Aged, on Washington street, was held Wednesday afternoon, when the reading of the reports, election of officers and the appointment of committees for the ensuing year took place. The home is filled to its fullest capacity. Owing to the high cost of living a considerable deficit exists and a movement has been started to raise this by popular subscription. The report of the president, Mrs. James A. Swan, was read.

Two inmates have died the past year: Miss Sarah Hazard and Miss Ellen Vose.

The following officers were elected:

President—Mrs. James Andrew Swan.
Vice Presidents—Mrs. C. Lorillard Spencer, Dr. Christopher F. Barker, Frederick P. Garrettsen, Mrs. Louis Lorillard, Mrs. Mabel Norman Cerio, Rev. Emory H. Porter, D. O., Mrs. Frances Burke-Roché, William Paine Sheffield, Miss Ellen F. Mason.
Recording Secretary—Abner L. Slocum.
Corresponding Secretary—Miss Lucille R. Edgar.
Treasurer—Thomas B. Congdon.
Assistant Treasurer—Miss Mary G. Congdon.

Newport Honored

Newport was paid quite a compliment the past week when twelve of her second increment of 101 men, who reported at Camp Devens last Wednesday, were selected by Captain Whipple of Company A to be non-commissioned officers, and are already attending a non-commissioned officers' school. Following are the names of the men: William Norman Sayer, T. Walter Cremin, Henry F. Martland, Patrick R. Cassey, Jr., William C. Harrington, Otto Theodore Pearson, Clarence Irving Twomey, Frank Horrocks, Cornelius S. Hyde, Thomas Joseph McDonald, Robert Allen Ebes, Livingston Hunt, Jr.

The men are very comfortably situated at the camp and are becoming accustomed to the army life and letters and postals show that the boys are happy and contented in their new quarters.

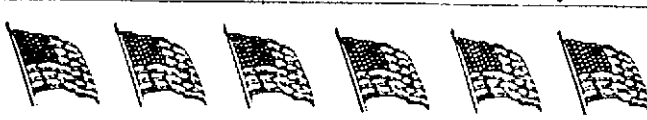
The boys who won the money prizes for the cow-judging contests at the Newport County Fair are Robert Peckham, Aquidneck; Bernard Peckham, Little Compton; George H. Woods, Tiverton; Arthur P. Sisson, Melville; Warren Wordell, Little Compton and Sidney Sisson, Little Compton. The money was given by the State Board of Agriculture.

Mr. J. Randolph Coolidge, Jr., of the Library War Council spoke of the \$1,000,000 fund to be raised in the country for libraries in the various camps and cantonments at a meeting in the interest of Camp Library week at the Newport Historical Society building Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Daniel B. Fearing, chairman of the local committee, presided.

The Board of Aldermen held its meeting Thursday evening, but the awarding of the city contract for the collecting and disposing of city refuse was again postponed after some discussion by the members. The payrolls were approved and a number of applications for various licenses were acted upon.

Rev. George Vernon Dicky sails today from New York for San Juan, Porto Rico. He will assume his duties there as the pastor of the Episcopalian Church of the Good Shepherd. Mr. Dicky left his family over a week ago to visit his mother in Kentucky. Mr. Dicky will be missed in Newport.

Mr. Frank B. Caggey is seriously ill at Waterbury.



My flag! My flag!

"My flag!" said a son of Erin,
And his bosom swelled with pride;
"To win and hold its freedom—
My countrymen have died!"

"My flag!" said a clever Frenchman,
And he prayed for Lafayette;
"The aid France gave our nation—
Is a debt we can't forget."

"My flag!" said a son of Poland,
And he proudly kissed its fold;
"In Kosciuszko and Pulaski—
My country's claim is told."

"My flag!" said a son of England,
"My flag!" said a son of Wales;
"My flag!" said a son of Scotland—
"My flag!" the Italian hails!

"My flag!" said a son of Austria,
"My flag!" cried the German, too;
"My flag!" said the Hun and Russian,
"My flag!" claimed the loyal Jew.

"My flag!" yelled the son of U. S. A.,
"WE GAVE TO FREEDOM—BIRTH!"
To maintain our sacred liberty—
We'll wrap it 'round the earth!"

So the blood of mingled nations,
Has been shed at Freedom's shrine;
And "The flag" that waves above us—
Is "Your FLAG," BOYS! and mine.
ITS STARS! for the light of freedom!
ITS STRIPES! for truth and love!
WHITE for RIGHT! 'gainst brutal might!
TRUE BLUE to the GOD above.

Columbia! Nobly guarding
The freedom she has won!
Is strengthened by the loyalty—
Of each adopted son!

Today! Your country calls you!
Through the spirit of your dead!
To defend the name and honor
Of "Your flag" for which they bled.

Nanticoke, Pa.

—JOHN D. WINING.

Receives a Commission

John B. Maloney, one of Newport's first 12 in the draft for the National Army, last week received a commission in the signal officers' branch of the aviation corps and left Camp Devens the past week to report at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The course requires two months' training in theory at the college and this must be followed by four months of actual experience at different camps. When he graduates young Maloney will be commissioned a first lieutenant.

At a special session of the district court last Saturday afternoon a warrant, charging manslaughter was read to Motorman John Golden, of Fall River, who drove the Electric Express of the Bay State Street Railway Company, which, it is charged, caused the death of Mr. George Gardner Hall, of Boston. Mr. Golden who pleaded not guilty, was represented by Messrs. Sheffield and Harvey. Bail was furnished in the sum of \$2,500.

A large number of the Naval Reserve Force boys of the Second Naval District have been temporarily released from duty to return to their colleges and schools to complete their studies, but in case their services are required they must return to active service.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Madeline Barden, daughter of Mr. Wallace L. Barden, of Providence, to Rev. Frederick L. Nasop, formerly of Newport, but now curate of the church of the Incarnation of New York.

Miss Rose Hudson Farrar of St. Louis and Boatswain's Mate Hammett Ingram, U. S. N., on duty at the Torpedo Station, were quietly married at the First Baptist Church parsonage last Saturday evening. Rev. Albert H. Adams, Jr., officiating.

At an early hour Sunday morning a barrel shed on Washington street was destroyed by fire. It was occupied by Messrs. Tollefson and Campbell and the entire stock, valued at \$4,000, was totally destroyed.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Margaret McCauley, daughter of Mr. J. S. McCauley, of Concord, N. H., and Mr. Benjamin J. Whitten, Jr., of New York and Newport. Miss McCauley is a graduate nurse of the Newport Hospital.

Mr. Frederic S. Franco, of Grafton street, is at the Newport Hospital suffering from injuries to his legs received in an automobile accident last Sunday.

Mayor Burdick was a visitor at Camp Devens last Saturday, making the trip purposely to see the boys of 1917 from his home city.

Mrs. Samuel T. H. Altman and her daughter, Miss Clara Altman, have returned home from a visit spent in Boston and Winchester.

Rev. and Mrs. William I. Ward have returned from a three weeks' vacation spent at their summer home at Lake Winnepesaukee.

RECENT DEATHS.

Charles Carr

Chief Master-at-Arms Charles Carr, U. S. N. (retired), died at his home on Spring street Sunday, after a long illness. He had been a resident of Newport for more than 20 years and was one of the men-o-war's-men of the old navy. He retired at the end of his 30 years' service in the navy and became a civilian employee at the Training Station, remaining there as long as his health permitted.

Mrs. William M. Wales

Mrs. Catherine Wales, widow of Captain William M. Wales, who for 24 years was keeper of Beaver Tail Light, Jamestown, died in this city on Tuesday. She was over 80 years of age and was one of the old fashioned people whom it was a pleasure to call your friend.

She is survived by two sons, Captain John W. Wales, at present keeper at Beaver Tail Light, and Mr. George Wales, of Jamestown.

Her husband died at the Light about 25 years ago.

Funeral services took place Wednesday afternoon from the Belmont Memorial Chapel, Rev. Stanley C. Hughes, rector of Trinity Church, officiating. The service was a most simple one and there were no bearers. A large number of friends gathered at the chapel. The interment was in the Island Cemetery.

Captain Theiss

Captain Emil Theiss, U. S. N., who was recently designated by the selection board for promotion to the grade of rear admiral, but was unable to pass the physical examination, died at the Naval Hospital in Washington on Monday, where he had been for some time, having undergone an operation.

Captain Theiss was born in Hattinger, Germany, October 2, 1860, and entered the Naval Academy from Wisconsin in October, 1878. In 1884 he was appointed an assistant engineer and was promoted to passed assistant engineer in 1894, serving in this capacity from the beginning to the end of the Spanish-American War. In 1899 his title was changed to lieutenant and in 1903 he received a promotion to lieutenant commander, and to commander in 1907.

Funeral of George G. Hall

The funeral of Mr. George Gardner Hall, of Boston, proprietor of the Adams House, who was killed in Newtown on Friday of last week, took place from his summer home, Hall Manor, in Portsmouth, on Monday. The house was filled with relatives and friends from all parts. The remains rested in a heavy mahogany casket surrounded with beautiful floral pieces.

Rev. Everett P. Smith, rector of St. Mary's Church in Portsmouth, officiated and a quartette sang "Lead Kindly Light" and "Nearer My God to Thee," favorite hymns of the deceased. The interment was in the family plot in St. Mary's Cemetery, Portsmouth.

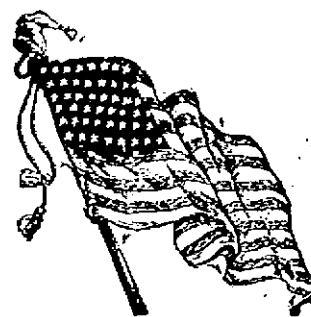
The honorary bearers were Colonel John I. Warden and Messrs. Robert Lunday, John Donovan, F. F. Webster, M. McBride and John Hearn of Boston.

Six Newporters, who were indicted by the federal grand jury in Providence on Monday, were sentenced to pay a fine of \$20 and costs Tuesday by Judge Arthur L. Brown in the United States district court, after pleading nolo to a charge of selling or furnishing intoxicating liquor to enlisted men in uniform. The men were Frank Karos, Sylvester Budlong, Arthur Spooner, William Andrews, Michael Costin and Michael C. Mathews. As these men had spent considerable time in jail awaiting indictment the fine was not as heavy as it might otherwise have been.

Funeral services for Mrs. William J. Browley were held at the residence of her daughter on Warner street Monday morning, being largely attended. Rev. N. J. Sproul of the Presbyterian Church, officiated. Mineola Council, D. of P., held their service at the house, and the Woman's Relief Corps accompanied the remains to Fall River, holding services at the grave in Oak Grove Cemetery.

Mrs. Emma A. Berrian, widow of Mr. John H. Berrian, committed suicide by hanging at the home of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Simeon B. Westall, on Bridge street during the night on Tuesday. Mrs. Berrian had suffered from a nervous disease for a number of years and at times was very despondent. She was a sister of the late Simeon E. Westall and since her husband's death had resided in Newport.

Among the number of men sent to Camp Devens last Wednesday, who were physically disqualified, were seven Newporters and they have been sent home.



MIDDLETOWN.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

Some 60 members of the Middletown Constabulary in uniform attended the evening service at the Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday last by invitation of their chaplain, Rev. George W. Manning, who is the pastor. The men assembled at the town hall and under the guidance of Capt. Michael Van Beuren and Lieut. Philip Caswell, marched to the church. Rev. Mr. Manning preached a stirring sermon upon "Patriotism and Peace."

With the opening of October the various organizations connected with the Berkeley Memorial Chapel will resume their work for the coming year. On Wednesday next the Paradise Club will hold its first meeting of the season with its president, Mrs. John Nicholson, on Prospect avenue, and on Friday, Mrs. Kate Bailey, the president of the Oliphant club, will entertain the members at her home on the West Main Road.

Through the Middletown chairman of the Camp Library Week fund, Miss Charlotte A. Chase, librarian at the Free Public Library, West Main Road, has solicited interest in the various churches, and the Middletown Constabulary, in aiding to raise the \$150 apportioned to Middletown. The money is required to be all in by Saturday.

Miss Marguerite Ferrin, assistant supervisor of music in Newport, has proffered her services to the public school committee for free lessons weekly at the new Berkeley schoolhouse, as she desires experience in upper grade work. The committee was glad to accept her offer, as the matter of introducing music had often been under consideration but had been set aside owing to overcrowded conditions.

The new school building promises speedily to be more than filled. There has been already an increase from 86 to 95. Portions of the 5th and 6th grades have had to be divided in A and B classes and have seats in the 4th grade room as there were not chairs enough. Extra chairs have also had to be added at the Oliphant primary and at the Witherbee. The committee was somewhat gratified to have the prize at the spelling match at the Newport County Agricultural Fair awarded Miss Beatrice Grinnell, who is in Miss Laura A. Martin's room at the Berkeley School. Mary Madeiros of the Paradise School was also twice a winner.

The fall term of St. George's School opened on Wednesday, and the vested choir from the school will resume its duties Sunday morning at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel.

Thornton Sherman, son of J. Lincoln Sherman, and J. Wallace Peckham, son of Joseph A. Peckham, left last week to take a four years' course at Kingston College.

COURT OF PROBATE. The regular session of the Court of Probate was held at the Town Hall on Monday, September 17, when only three members were present, including Messrs. James R. Chase, 2nd, Robert W. Smith and Henry C. Sherman, Jr.

The petition of Lionel H. Peabody to prove the will of May A. W. Peabody was granted. Will was proved and letters testamentary directed to issue to Lionel H. Peabody, as sole executor, who was directed to give his personal bond in the sum of \$25,000 to pay debts and legacies.

The petition of the Title Guarantee and Trust Company of New York, to have filed and recorded, an exemplified copy of the will of James D. Lynch, was referred to the third Monday of October and notice ordered thereon.

TOWN COUNCIL. The two electric railway companies having tracks on the West Main Road and East Main Road having failed to comply with the order of the Town Council passed in July, to fill in their crossings and repair their tracks to afford ready passage of vehicles over the same, a serendipitous notice was directed to issue requiring both companies to take action in the premises not later than September 25.

Robert W. Smith was authorized to erect warning notices to drivers of motor vehicles, in the vicinity of the new school building on Green End avenue cautioning against too much speed in that locality.

James Bloomfield was granted an order on the dog fund for \$5.00, in payment of damages done by dogs to his poultry.

Joe Feinman of Newport, on his petition, was granted a license to collect and purchase junk.

The following accounts were allowed and ordered paid from the town treasury:—The Standard Oil Company of New York, for supplying 15,689 gallons of asphalt road oil with Pressure spraying machine, \$1,412.01; William B. Scott & Company for one wood pump, \$10.00; James Bloomfield for services as Police Constable, \$65.00; Howard's Motor Livery for one car furnished, \$4.00; Thomas G. Ward, services as Town Sergeant, \$51.00; services as Health Officer, \$3.00; Arthur C. Brigham, services as janitor at Town Hall, \$4.50; Dr. F. de Bertram, for treating one horse in pounds, \$5.00; David C. Smith for milk furnished family under quarantine, \$3.20; Cyrus P. Williams for groceries furnished the same family, \$11.73; Newport Hospital, for care and treatment of six children suffering from contagious diseases, \$180.00; Bay State Street Railway Company, electric light, \$2.00; Providence Telephone Company, use of three telephones, \$5.57; accounts for the relief of the poor, \$23.00; total \$1,755.87.

HEART of the SUNSET BY REX BEACH

Author of "The Spoilers," "The Iron Trail,"
"The Silver Horde," Etc.



CHAPTER XXI.

The Doors of Paradise.

Alaire began the mockery of playing hostess with extreme distaste, and as the most progressed she experienced a growing uneasiness. Longoria's bearing had changed since his arrival. He was still extremely courteous, courteous, humbly attentive; he maintained a flow of conversation that relieved her of any effort, and yet he displayed a repressed excitement that was disturbing. In his eyes there was a gleaming look of passion hard to endure. Despite her icy familiarity, he appeared to be holding himself within the bounds of propriety only by an effort of the will, and she was not surprised when, at the conclusion of the meal, he cast restful aside.

She did not let him go far with his words before warning him: "I won't listen to you. You are a man of taste; you must realize how offensive this is."

"Let us not discuss each other," he insisted. "We are alone. Let us be honest. Do not ask me to put faith in your grief. I find my excuse in the extraordinary nature of this situation."

"Nothing can excuse indifference," she answered, evenly. "You transgress the commandment of decency."

But he was impatient. "What sentiment! You did not love your husband. You were for years his prisoner. Through the bars of your prison I saw and loved you. Dear! The first sight of your face showed the emotion of my life. I saw heaven in your eyes, and I have dreamed of nothing else ever since. Well, Providence opened the doors and set you free; that gave heart to my prayers and delivered you to me. Now you pretend to grieve at your deliverance; you ask me to respect the memory of your father! Do you? Delivered? What are they except artificialities, which vanish in times of stress? Alexander the Great, Caesar, Napoleon, Darius, they were strong, powerful men; they lived as I live. Senora, you dally with love."

Alaire's face was white with anger as she replied: "You cause me to forget that you are my guest. Are you the man I considered you or the man you are reported to be?"

"Are you the gentleman, the friend, you pretended to be, or—the woman whom no woman can trust? You treat me as if you were my father. What do you mean? What kind of man are you to take advantage of my bereavement?"

After a moment's consideration, Longoria began balling: "I don't know what kind of a man I am, for you have changed me so. There was a time—"



"What Kind of Man Are You to Take Advantage of My Bereavement?"

"I have done things—I have scorned all restraint. I have respect those of my desires, and so, perhaps, I am a villain. But I am sure of this, however—I shall not induce you. Mexico is no more sacred to me than you, my heart's treasure. You possess me of indifference because I lack the strength to smother my submission. I adore you; my being dissolves, my veins are aflame with longing for you. I am mad with the knowledge that you are mine. Alaire! Alaire! I am insane; my mind tortures me; I gaze at you like a man blinded by a dazzling light; I suffer agonies. But see! I refuse to touch you. I am a priest in my restraint. The strength of heroes is mine, and I stifle my impulses as they are born. Although the effort kills me. Senora, I wait the moment of your voluntary surrender. I wait for you." He extended his arms, and Alaire saw that his olive features were distorted with emotion; that his hands, his white thin, high-strung body were shaking uncontrollably.

She could summon no coherent words.

"You believed I was a hawk and would seize you," he queried. "Is that why you continue to snarl? Well, let me tell you something. If my tongue will tell the thoughts in my mind, my passion is so deep and so sacred that I could not be content with less than all of you. I must have you all, and so I wait, trembling. I say this so badly that I doubt if you understand. Listen, then, to possess you."

by force would be well, as if I lacked a cathedral of its golden fancies and expected to gain heaven by clutching the cross in my arms. Senora, in you I see the priestess of my love, which I shall wear to dazzle the world, and without which I shall destroy myself. Now let me tell you what I can offer you, what setting I can build for this treasure. Marriage with Luis Longoria."

Alaire could not control a start. As if quickened by his intensity, the man read her thought. "You did not imagine that I offered you anything less?"

"What was I to think? Your reputation?"

"Blasphemy of my heart!" breathed the general. "But that is what you meant a moment ago. That is why you refuse my advances. No, and other women have feared me, and I have laughed in their face as they tore at my arms, but you—you will be my wife, and all Mexico shall bow at your feet." He checked her steady with a gesture. "Wait until I tell you the vision I have seen during those days of despair. I see Mexico made whole by my hands; a land of peace and plenty; a people with one name upon their lips—the name of Longoria the deliverer; and you as the first lady of them all. You know me for a man of tremendous ability in every line. Well, I know myself, too. I have measured myself carefully, and I have no weakness. There is no other like me. Pancha Gomez? Bah! He is a toothless band of an emperor. Candelaria, his chief? The del of the moment and a dreamer of my forces. Feltos? He is president today, but what of tomorrow? Those who surround him are wrackings, and he stumbles toward oblivion. Who will succeed him? Who will issue from the coming struggle as the dominant figure of Mexico? Who but that military genius who checks the Yankee hordes and saves the fatherland? I am he. Fate points the path of glory and I am her man of destiny. You see, then, what I bring you—power, position, riches. Riches? Caramba! Wait until my hands are in the treasury. I will lead you with gold and jewels, and I will make you the richest woman in the world. Senora, I offer you dominion. I offer you the president's palace and Chapultepec. And with all that, I offer you such passionate love as no woman of history ever possessed."

He ceased, spent by the force of his own intensity; it was plain that he expected an immediate surrender. Alaire's lips parted in the faintest of mocking smiles. "You have great confidence in yourself," she said.

"Yes, I know myself as no one knows me."

"Why do you think I care for you?" Longoria's eyes opened. His expression, plainly showed that he could not imagine any woman in her senses willing to adore him.

"Don't you take much for granted?" Alaire insisted.

The Mexican shook his head. Then his face brightened. "Ah! Now I see. Your modesty forbids you to acknowledge your love—is that it? Well, I know that you adore me, for I can see it. All women adore me, and they all end by loving me." His chest arched imperceptibly; with a slender finger he delicately smoothed his black eyebrows. Alaire felt a wild impulse to laugh, but was glad she had subdued it when he continued, "I am impetuous, but impetuosity has made me what I am. I act, and then make fate to suit my own ends. Opportunity has been deeded to me by my heart's desire, and I will not be cheated out of it. Among the men I brought with me to La Paz is a priest. He is dirty, for I caught him as he was fleeing toward the border; but he is a priest, and he will marry us tonight."

Alaire managed to gasp. "Surely you are not in earnest."

"Indeed I am! That is why I insisted that you dine with me this evening. I cannot waste more time here, for necessity calls me away. You shall go as my wife."

"Do you think I would remain on the very day I find myself a widow?"

"The world will never know."

"You dare to say that?" Her tone was one of disgust, of loathing. "I wonder how I have listened to so much. It is horrible!"

"You are still a little hysterical, and you exaggerate. If I had more time, I could afford to wait." He eyed her with his luminous gaze. "I would let you play with me to your heart's content and exercise your power until you tired and were ready to surrender."

Alaire raised her head proudly, her nostrils dilated, her eyes ablaze with hostility. "This is very humiliating, but you force me to tell you that I hate you."

Longoria was incredulous rather than offended. He drew himself up to his full height and smiled, saying: "That is impossible." Then, ignoring her impetuosity: "Come! You cannot deceive me. The priest is waiting."

When Alaire spoke, her face was with an expression not with a trace of such loathing that his yellow face paled. "Your conduct is indefensible," she breathed.

After a brief struggle with himself, the Mexican cried hoarsely: "I will not be refused. You wish me to tame you, eh? Good! You have found your master. Make your choice, then. Which shall I be, surrender or compulsion?"

"Not! You have been lying, as I thought, Compulsion! Now the real Longoria speaks."

He hung up his hands as if to ward off her fury. "Not! I have not made myself clear? I shall embrace you only with the arms of a husband, for this is not the position of a moment, but of a lifetime, and I have myself to consider. The offer of Mexico's next president must be above reproach; there must be no scandal, no secrets hidden away for centuries to unseat. The man stand before the people as a perfect woman; she must lead prestige to his name. When I speak of compulsion, then, I mean the right of a husband."

Alaire uttered an exclamation of disgust and turned away, but he intercepted her, saying: "You cannot hold me at bay. It is destiny. You shall be mine tonight. Think a moment! We are alone in the heart of a country lacking in every law but mine. Your friends do not know where you are, and even if they knew, they could not help you. Your nation's posted would avail nothing. Outside of these walls are enemies who will not let you leave this house except under the protection of my name."

"Then I shall never leave it," she told him.

For the first time Longoria spoke roughly: "I lose patience. In God's name have I not waited long enough? My strength is gone." Impulsively he half-enveloped her with his thin arms, but she seemed unmoved with fear and he dropped them. She could hear him grip his teeth. "I dare not lay hands upon you," he chattered. "Angel of my dreams, I am faint with longing. To love you and yet to be denied to feel myself alone and yet to see you coldly to be hated at the very doors of Paradise! What torture!"

The fellow's self-control in the midst of his frenzy frightened Alaire more than did his wildest ravings; it was in something of a panic that she said:

"The moment you tell me I am safe, the next you threaten me. You say I am free, and yet you oppress me. Prove your love. Let me go—"

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"Not! You have been lying, as I thought, Compulsion! Now the real Longoria speaks."

He hung up his hands as if to ward off her fury. "Not! I have not made myself clear? I shall embrace you only with the arms of a husband, for this is not the position of a moment, but of a lifetime, and I have myself to consider. The offer of Mexico's next president must be above reproach; there must be no scandal, no secrets hidden away for centuries to unseat. The man stand before the people as a perfect woman; she must lead prestige to his name. When I speak of compulsion, then, I mean the right of a husband."

Alaire uttered an exclamation of disgust and turned away, but he intercepted her, saying: "You cannot hold me at bay. It is destiny. You shall be mine tonight. Think a moment! We are alone in the heart of a country lacking in every law but mine. Your friends do not know where you are, and even if they knew, they could not help you. Your nation's posted would avail nothing. Outside of these walls are enemies who will not let you leave this house except under the protection of my name."

"Then I shall never leave it," she told him.

For the first time Longoria spoke roughly: "I lose patience. In God's name have I not waited long enough? My strength is gone." Impulsively he half-enveloped her with his thin arms, but she seemed unmoved with fear and he dropped them. She could hear him grip his teeth. "I dare not lay hands upon you," he chattered. "Angel of my dreams, I am faint with longing. To love you and yet to be denied to feel myself alone and yet to see you coldly to be hated at the very doors of Paradise! What torture!"

The fellow's self-control in the midst of his frenzy frightened Alaire more than did his wildest ravings; it was in something of a panic that she said:

"The moment you tell me I am safe, the next you threaten me. You say I am free, and yet you oppress me. Prove your love. Let me go—"

"Not! Not! I shall call the priest."

Longoria turned toward the door, but halfway across the door he was halted by a woman's smile which issued from somewhere inside the house. It was repeated. There was an outbreak in a long-silence voice, then the patter of footsteps approaching down the tiled hallway. Dolores burst into her mistress's presence, her face blanched, her hair disheveled. She clung herself to Alaire's arms, crying:

"Senora! Save me! God's curse on the ruffian. Oh—"

"Dolores!" Alaire exclaimed. "What has happened?"

Longoria demanded, tremulously: "Yes, why are you yelling like this?"

"A man—See! One of those dirty peddlars. Look where he tore my dress! I warned him, but he was like a tiger. He will kill him when he leaves—"

"Calm yourself. Speak sensibly. Tell me what happened."

"One of those miserable soldiers who came today—pik! Dolores was shaking her voice was shrill. "He followed me about like a cat, purring and grinning and saying the most horrible things. Just now, when I went to your room, he was waiting in the darkness, and he seized me. My money!"

"A soldier? One of my men?" Longoria was incredulous.

Alaire turned upon him with a blazing anger in her face. "Is this more of your protection?" she stormed. "I give you and your men the freedom of my ranch, and you insult me while they rob my women?"

He ignored her accusation, inquiring of the elder woman, "Who was the fellow?"

"How do I know? Dolores sobbed. "He is a thick black fellow with a scar on his lip like a snail."

"Felipe?"

"Yes, Felipe! I believe they called him that."

Longoria strode to the end of the living room, flung open the wooden shutters of a window, and, leaning far out, whistled sharply on his fingers.

"Alca! Teniente! Ho, you fellows!" he shouted.

From the darkness a voice answered: a man, evidently on guard, came running.

"Call old Pancha," the general directed. "Tell him to bring me black Felipe, the fellow with the torn lip. Quick!"

"Yes, general!" came the voice; then the metallic rattle of spurs and accoutrements as the sentry trotted away.

Dolores had completely broken down now, and Alaire was trying to comfort her. Their guest remained by the window, frowning. After a time there sounded a murmur of voices, then a shuffling of feet in the hall; Alaire's friend the old lieutenant appeared in the doorway, saluting. Behind him were several others.

"Here is Felipe," he announced. "Bring him in."

A slight, frowning man in solid uniform was pushed forward, and Dolores hid her face against her mistress's shoulder.

"Is this the fellow?" Longoria inquired.

Dolores nodded.

"Well, what have you to say for yourself?" The general transfixed his troops with a stare; then, as the latter seemed heretofore of his voice. "Why did you enter this house?"

Felipe moistened his scarred lips. "That woman has rings of gold. She's not so old, either, when you come to look at her." He grinned at his comrade, who had crowded in behind old Pancha.

"Not! Let us go outside and learn more about this." Longoria waved his men before him, and followed them out of the room and down the hall and into the night.



"Well, What Have You to Say for Yourself?"

When a moment or two had dragged past, Dolores quavered, "What are they going to do with him?"

"I don't know. Anyhow, you need not fear—"

There sounded the report of a gun shot, descended indeed by the thick adobe walls of the house, yet sudden and loud enough to startle the women.

When Longoria reappeared, he found Alaire standing stiff and white against the wall, with Dolores kneeling, her face still buried in her mistress's gown.

"Alive you are, eh?" he told them, quickly. "I beg a thousand pardons for Felipe. Hereafter no one will molest you."

"Was that a—shot?" Alaire inquired faintly.

"Yes. It is all settled."

"You killed him?"

The general nodded. "Hardly for the sake of discipline; one has to be firm. Now your woman is badly frightened. Send her away so that we may reach an understanding."

"Oh—! This is frightful," Alaire gasped. "I can't talk to you, do—let me go."

The man pondered for an instant. "Perhaps that would be better," he agreed reluctantly, "for I see you, too, are unstrung. Very well. My affairs will have to wait. Take a few hours to think over what I have told you. When you have slept you will feel differently about me. You will meet me with a smile, eh?" He bowed hopefully.

"Sleep? You expect me to sleep?"

"Peace," he begged. "Beauty is like a delicate flower, and sleep is the dew that feeds it. Believe me, you can rest in all security, for no one can come or go without my consent. You are cruel to postpone my delight; nevertheless, I yield to your feelings. But, star of my life, I shall dream of you, and of that little priest who waits with the key to Paradise in his hands."

He bowed over Alaire's cold fingers, then stood erect until she and Dolores had gone.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Priest From Manileva.

That was a night of terror for the women. Although Longoria's discipline was in some ways strict, in others it was extremely lax. From some quarters his men had secured a supply of moral and, forgetful of Felipe's unhappy fate, they rendered the hours hideous. There were singing and quarrelling, and a shot or two sounded from the direction of the outbuildings. Morning found both Alaire and Dolores sadly overwrought. But they felt some relief upon learning that the general had been unexpectedly summoned from his bed at daylight, and had ridden to the telegraph office.

Profiting by his absence, Alaire ventured from her room, racking her brain to devise some means of escape. But soldiers were everywhere; they lolled around the servants' quarters; they dozed in the shade of the ranch buildings, recovering from the night's debauch; and an armed sentinel who paced the hacienda road gave evidence that, despite their apparent carelessness, they had by no means relaxed their vigilance. A round of the premises convinced Alaire that the place was actually guarded, and showed her the futility of trying to slip away. She realized, too, that even if she managed to do so, her plight would be little better. For how could she hope to cover the hundred miles between La Paz and the Rio Grande when every peep was an enemy?

She was standing in one of the open, sashless windows when her former protector, the old lieutenant, bade her good morning and paused to smoke a cigarette.

"Well, it was a great night, wasn't it?" he began. "And we have great news this morning. We are going to fight you gringos."

"I hope not."

"Yes! It will probably go hard with you. Tell me, this city of Washington is a fine city, and very rich, is it not?"

"Oh, yes."

"It's full of loot, eh? Especially the president's palace? That is good. One can never believe all one hears."

"Why do you ask?" Alaire was curious.

"I was thinking it would pay us to go there. If your soldiers march upon Mexico City, it would be a brilliant piece of strategy for General Longoria to invade the United States, would it not? It would be funny to capture Washington and hold your president for ransom, eh?"

"Very funny," Alaire agreed dryly. "How would you go about it?"

Pancha shrugged. "That is the trouble. We would have to march around Texas, I presume."

"Around Texas?"

"Yes. You see, Texas is a bad country; it is full of—barbarians who know how to fight. If it were not for Texas, we would have the United States at our mercy." After some consideration,

he continued this upshot: "We could afford to pay the Texans for allowing us to ride through their country, provided we stole nothing and paid for the cattle we ate. Well, Longoria is a great one for schemes; he is talking over the telegraph with somebody at this moment. Perhaps it is the president of Texas."

"You are a poor man, are you not?" Alaire inquired.

"Miserably poor."

"Would you like to make a great deal of money?"

"That is why I'm a soldier."

"I will pay you well to get me two horses."

But old Pancha shook his head vigorously. "Impossible! General Longoria is going to marry you. We all got drunk last night to celebrate the wedding. Yes, and the priest is waiting."

"I will make you rich."

"That I wouldn't live to spend a single peso. Felipe disappeared, and the general shot him before he could escape himself. Boom! The poor fellow was passed in a minute. No, we will all be rich after we win a few battles and capture some American cities. I am an old man; I shall leave the drinking and the women to the young fellows, and prepare for my old age."

Seeing that she could not enlist Pancha's aid, Alaire begged him to fetch the priest.

"You wish spiritual comfort, senora?"

"Perhaps."

"Well, he doesn't look like much of a priest, but probably he will do. As for me, I don't believe in such things. Churches are all very well for ignorant people, but we Mexicans are too intelligent to be misled by an end of them."

The priest was a small, white-haired man with a gently almost timid face, and at the moment when he appeared before Alaire he was in anything but a happy frame of mind. He had undergone, he told her, a terrible experience. His name was O'Malley. He had come from Manileva, whence the rebels had banished him under threat of death. He had seen his church despoiled of its valuables, his school closed; he himself had managed to escape only by a miracle. Looking his flight toward the border he had suffered every indignity, and finally Longoria had intercepted him and brought him here, practically in chains.

"What a situation! What chaos!" he lamented. "The land is overrun with bandits; there is no law, no authority, no faith; religion is made a mockery. The men are becoming infidels and atheists, and in many places they will not allow us to give comfort even to their women."

"Is it as bad as that?"

Father O'Malley shook his head sadly. "You're no idea. What do you think of a people who forbid the mention of God's name in their schools? That is what the revolutionists are doing. Candelaria states that the churches are the property of the state. He confiscates them, and he charges admission. He has banished all except a few of his priests, and has shamelessly persecuted our Sisters of Mercy. Oh, the outrage! Mexico is today the blackest spot on the map of Christendom." His voice broke.

"That is the freedom, the liberty, the democracy, for which they are fighting. That is the new Mexico. And the federalists are not a bit better. This Longoria, for instance, this—well—he drinks me here as his prisoner, to salarize an unholy marriage! He treats me like a dog. Last night I slept in a filthy hovel."

"Oh! I'm sorry," Alaire exclaimed. "But I'm half-crazed with my own troubles. You must come into the house; the best I have is yours. You shall be as much my guest as I can make you, and—perhaps you will help me to escape."

"Escape?" The little man smiled mournfully. "You are watched and guarded, and so am I. Even if you got away from here, what then? You can't imagine the condition of the country."

"I won't marry him!" Alaire cried, with a shudder. "I won't!"

"He can't very well force you to do so. But remember, these are war times; the man is a band, and he puts no restraint upon his desires. If he is badly bent on having you, how can you prevent it? In normal times he would not dare injure one so prominent as you, but now—"

Father O'Malley lifted up his hands. "I only wonder that he suggests a lawful marriage. Suppose you refuse? Will he not sacrifice you to his passions? He has done worse things." After a moment's consideration, he said: "Of course it is possible that I misjudge him. Anyhow, if you desire me to do so, I will refuse to perform the ceremony. But—I'm afraid it will just mean ruin for both of us."

"Surely he wouldn't harm you?"

The father shrugged. "What am I? An obscure priest. Many of my brothers are buried in Mexico. However, I shall do as you wish."

As the day wore on Alaire realized even more clearly the fact that she was Longoria's prisoner. His men, in spite of their recent debauch, kept very good watch over her, and it was plain that they would obey his orders, no matter how extreme. It occurred to her finally that he was staying away purposely, in order to give her a fuller appreciation of her position—so that she might beat her wings against the cage until exhausted.

Afternoon came, then evening, and still Longoria did not return. Father O'Malley could give no comfort; Dolores was a positive trial.

Half-distracted, Alaire roamed through the house, awaiting her captor's coming, stealing toward for their final battle. But the day was waning; she longed for the crisis to come, that this terrible suspense might be ended. At such a hour her thoughts naturally turned to Luis, and she found herself trembling for him with a yearning utterly new. He had supported her through those miserable days at La Paz, and now it was a torture to think of his being with her.

"I had a terrible scene with him last night. He refused my marriage. I—I was hoping you'd come."

"How could I, when Felipe is?"

"About you, huh? I wrote you. He should be here. What boy did he love?"

"I don't know yet. My plans ended here."

"Dave! You rode in just to find me? Just to be with me?"

"Yes. And to get him." Alaire saw his face twitch, and realized that he was very big, very old and tired. "They lifted my guns—a bunch of fellows at the Rio Negro crossing. I'm of them were drunk and wouldn't let me pass. I was an outlaw. So I finally had to ride for it."

"Can't you take me away?" Alaire asked, feebly. "What will you do when—"

"I reckon I'll escape him somehow. He grip upon her tightened painfully, and she could feel him tremble. "I was afraid I wouldn't find you. O God, Alaire!" He buried his face in her hair.

"I had a terrible scene with him last night. He refused my marriage. I—I was hoping you'd come."

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Alone. He knew her whereabouts and her will—why did he not come? Then, more calmly, she asked herself what he, or what anyone, could do for her. How could she look for rescue when two outlaws were at war?

Night had come before she finally gave up and acknowledged the hopelessness of her situation. She had fought bravely, but with darkness her fears grew blacker. She was on the verge of her first breakdown, when, in the early dusk outside, she heard voices and the stamping of horses' hoofs. The sounds were heading up the heavy wooden shutters she had taken pains to close and bar, but they told her Longoria had returned. Since it was futile to deny him entrance, she waited where she was. Old Pancha's voice sounded outside; then there came a knock upon the door of the room in which she stood.

"Come in," she said feebly.

A CLEVER ILLUSTRATION

WITH CONCLUSIVE PROOF.

There is an old formula in philosophy which says that no two things can occupy the same place at the same time. As a simple illustration drive a nail into a board and you will find with every stroke of the hammer, the nail will force aside the particles of wood into which it is being driven, finally making a place for itself, and proving that the nail and the wood do not occupy the same place at the same time.

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New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Time table showing local and through train service between New York and Hartford, N.Y. and Hartford, Conn. and New Haven, Conn.

Time Table of R.R. September 29, 1917.	Time Table of R.R. September 29, 1917.
Leave New York for Hartford, Conn. and New Haven, Conn. 7:00 a.m., 7:30 a.m., 8:00 a.m., 8:30 a.m., 9:00 a.m., 9:30 a.m., 10:00 a.m., 10:30 a.m., 11:00 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 12:00 p.m., 1:00 p.m., 2:00 p.m., 3:00 p.m., 4:00 p.m., 5:00 p.m., 6:00 p.m., 7:00 p.m., 8:00 p.m., 9:00 p.m., 10:00 p.m., 11:00 p.m., 12:00 a.m.	Leave New York for Hartford, Conn. and New Haven, Conn. 7:00 a.m., 7:30 a.m., 8:00 a.m., 8:30 a.m., 9:00 a.m., 9:30 a.m., 10:00 a.m., 10:30 a.m., 11:00 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 12:00 p.m., 1:00 p.m., 2:00 p.m., 3:00 p.m., 4:00 p.m., 5:00 p.m., 6:00 p.m., 7:00 p.m., 8:00 p.m., 9:00 p.m., 10:00 p.m., 11:00 p.m., 12:00 a.m.

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HEART OF THE SUNSET

Continued from page 2.

"From Jones, I caught him within an hour of the murder, and made him tell me everything."

Alaire's eyes dilated; she held her breath, saying breathlessly: "Murder! Is that what it was? He—Longoria—told me something quite different."

"Naturally. It was he who hired Jose to do the shooting."

"Oh! Alaire hid her face in her hands. She looked up again quickly, however, and her cheeks were white.

"Then he won't spare you, Dave?" She choked for an instant. "We must get away before he comes. There must be some way of escape. Think!"

"I'm pretty tired to think, I'm pretty tired to play out," he confessed.

"They're watching me, but they'd let you go."

"Now that I'm here I'm going to stay until—"

She interrupted, crying his name loudly, "Dave!"

"Yes, what is it?"

"Wait! Let me think." She closed her eyes; her brows drew together as if in the labor of concentration. When she lifted her lids her eyes were alight, her voice was eager. "I know how. I see it. He won't dare— But you must do what I tell you."

"Of course."

"No questions. Understand?"

When he nodded impatiently she ran to the door and, flinging it open, called down the hall.

"Father! Father O'Malley! Quick!"

Then she summoned Dolores.

The priest answered; he hurried from his room and, with a dazed look of comprehension, acknowledged his swift introduction to Dave. Alaire was keenly alive and vibrant with purpose now. Dolores, too, came running, and while the men were exchanging greetings her mistress murmured something in her ear, then hastened her departure with a quick push. Turning upon the others, Alaire explained:

"I've sent for some of the women, and they'll be here in a minute. Father, this man has come for me. He loves me. Will you marry us before Longoria returns?"

"Alaire!" Dave exclaimed.

She stifled him with a gesture. "Quick! Will you?"

Father O'Malley was bewildered. "I don't understand," he expostulated.

"Nor I," related Dave.

"You don't need to understand. I know what I'm doing. I've thought of a way to save us all."

An incredulous refusal was upon his lips, but Alaire's face besought him; it was shining with a strange, new ecstasy, and he could not bring himself to deny her. Of what her plan consisted he had only the dimmest idea, but he assured himself that it could by no possibility succeed. After all, what did it matter? He asked himself, "They were trapped. This might serve, somehow, to cheat Longoria, and—Alaire would be his wife."

"Very well," he stammered, weakly. "What are you thinking of?"

"I haven't thought it all out yet, but—"

At that moment Dolores returned, bringing with her the three black-haired, black-shawled house servants, bundling them through the door and ranging them along the wall.

Father O'Malley's face was puckered; he said, hesitatingly: "My dear madam, this isn't regular; you are not Catholic. How can I bless you?"

"You can marry us legally, just the same, can't you?" Alaire was breathing rapidly, and some part of her eagerness began to thrill her hearers.

"Oh yes, but—"

"Then marry us. And make haste, please! Please!"

Law nodded. He could not speak, for his mouth was dry. His heart was beating violently; his temples were pounding; all the blood of his body seemed centered in his head.

Before the eyes of the four wondering women Father O'Malley married them. It seemed to Alaire that he would never reach the end, although, in fact, he stumbled through the ceremony swiftly. Alaire clasped his last words short by crying:

"Tell these people so that they'll understand what it all means. Tell them to remember they have seen a marriage by the church."

The priest did as he was directed, and his audience signified their understanding. Then Dolores led them out.

To be continued

FEEDING BEEF CALVES.

Young Animals Should Not Be Allowed to Lose Calf Fat.

The outstanding principle and the secret of success in the production of cattle is to keep the young calves growing and in a thrifty condition from time of birth until they are ready for market.

Cattle selected for the production of beef should not only be of the best type and breeding, but they should show easy feeding and fattening qualities, or the tendency to make the best of all they eat.

The natural feed for the young calf is, of course, milk, and the development of its digestive tract is rather slow, so that it is able to consume but little roughage before it is six months of age. However, he will eat considerable grain with advantage at a much earlier age.

If you expect the calf to do best you cannot afford to allow it to lose its calf fat at weaning time. Most cattlemen will tell you that calves which have been in good, thrifty condition since birth are the best profit makers, and the calf that has had a good dam and has had the opportunity to nurse until he is six months of age will have an advantage over the calf which has been weaned at an earlier age.

There is one broad sky over all the world, and whether it be blue or cloudy, the same heaven beyond it.—Dickens

Pop's Definition.

"Tommy, do you know what a prevaricator is?"

"Yes, Pop told me."

"Well, what is a prevaricator?"

"Pop says a prevaricator is a man who tells you he's paid for his married."

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Mrs. John Narosky of Lowell, Mass., was struck by lightning and instantly killed.

THE WHITE PLAGUE.

Tuberculosis is Often the Result of Lack of Nourishment.

While tuberculosis is caused by a well known germ, we often have a right to be suspicious of its coming from want of proper nourishment.

This would seem to be a forerunner of the true disease of tuberculosis.

The want of nourishment is to be accounted for in several ways. The digestive system may be naturally weak—that is, born weak. It may have been strong in early life, but abused by the use of alcohol, eating rapidly when physically or mentally tired or by gulping food without proper chewing.

A plunge bath just after eating will often arrest digestion. The drinking of tea water during a meal or iced tea and coffee will reduce the temperature of the stomach so that the natural process of digestion is interfered with.

As a result, the food is not properly prepared for the organs to absorb it. Therefore it is not taken up by the blood stream as it travels through the system of arteries to build up the different tissues of the body.

There are certain things that nature demands for building up healthy bodies. We must have some nitrogen in the form of meat or eggs or beans. We must have some fats, and we must have some starches; otherwise the body will be partly starved and diseased germs will thrive in the different tissues.

This occurs more often in the lungs than anywhere else, but there is hardly an organ in the body that will not, under certain conditions, become tuberculous.—Dr. Samuel G. Dixon, Health Commissioner of Pennsylvania.

TO UTILIZE THE SUN'S HEAT.

Why Not Store It In Oil In Summer and Make It Work For Us?

Of course water can be heated only to the boiling temperature, and there are many liquids that can be heated to a very much higher temperature than this without boiling. I have taken a tumbler of olive oil and heated it by means of a thin tube connected with a voltage battery. I placed in the tumbler of oil a test tube filled with water. In a short time the water was boiling, but the oil remained perfectly quiescent. If you store up hot oil instead of water you will have at your command a source of heat able to do all your cooking and even produce steam power to work machinery.

We have plenty of heat going to waste in Washington during the summer time, for the sun's rays are very powerful, and we do not use the roofs of our buildings except to keep off the rain. What wide expanse of roof are available in all our large cities for the utilization of the sun's rays? Simple pipes laid up on the roof and containing oil or some other liquid would soon become heated by the sun's rays. The hot oil could be carried into an insulated tank and stored. You could thus not only conserve and utilize the heat that falls upon the tops of your houses, but effect some cooling of the houses themselves by the abstraction of this heat.—Alexander Graham Bell in National Geographic Magazine.

An Audacious Schoolboy.

The audacity of Warren Hastings as a Westminster schoolboy in carrying his name beneath the clock on the western tower of the abbey pales before the audacity of another Westminster schoolboy, who secreted himself in the abbey in fulfillment of a wager that he would sleep in the abbey, notwithstanding the report that the ghost of Bradshaw, the president of the court at the trial of Charles I., who in the time of the commonwealth occupied the deanery, haunted the building. He spent the night in the abbey and occupied his time in carving his name on the coronation chair, which bears to this day the following rudely cut inscription: "I, Peter Abbott, slept in this chair."—Dundee Advertiser.

The Call to Individuality.

No man thinks his own thoughts; no man uses his own eyes; no man stands upon his own feet; no man walks alone. We go in flocks; we lean on others; we follow the multitudes blindly; we bend our necks to the yoke of public opinion; we have no self reliance. The only virtue we have is conformity. The demand of the age is for men and women of character who are self-poised, self-reliant, independent and self-assertive. Society follows customs and routine. The redemption of the race is in the originality of individuals.—Jacob Gould Schurman.

Milton's Works.

Milton regarded the "Paradise Regained" as infinitely superior to the "Paradise Lost" and once expressed great surprise that any one should entertain a contrary opinion. He said that of all his works the poem "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity" was his best. It was his earliest, being written in 1629, when he was twenty-one years of age.

Domestic Bias.

"You are always reaching for something you can't afford."

"You were not always of that opinion."

"Oh, is that so?"

"I think so. At least you didn't say that when I proposed."—Houston Post.

Too Sensitive.

"What is wrong between that young engaged couple?"

"He didn't like it because when he told her that he would die for her she wanted to know how much life insurance he carried."—Baltimore American.

There is one broad sky over all the world, and whether it be blue or cloudy, the same heaven beyond it.—Dickens

Pop's Definition.

"Tommy, do you know what a prevaricator is?"

"Yes, Pop told me."

"Well, what is a prevaricator?"

"Pop says a prevaricator is a man who tells you he's paid for his married."

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Mrs. John Narosky of Lowell, Mass., was struck by lightning and instantly killed.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of

and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

The Burroughs Statement Machine



The Burroughs Statement Machine prints Months, Dates, "Dr.," "Cr.," "Bal.," makes carbon copies, etc.

It can be furnished in the visible printing style of machine—or with the famous Duplex feature, for storing away balances and giving automatic total of all statements sent out.

It insures accuracy in every statement and sends them out on time.

When your Statements are out it can be used the balance of the month on all your figure work—making complete, accurate records possible.

No cost or obligation to try it out in your own office or store, on your own work.

Burroughs Adding Machine Co.

FRED FAVOR, Sales Manager,

17 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Watches and Water.

When a person falls overboard or gets a ducking in any other way he at once has trouble with his watch, unless, of course, it happens that he be not wearing it. If he is wise he will send it at once to a watchmaker. What the latter can do to it depends upon the extent of the wetting and the length of time that has elapsed since the immersion.

The Jeweler's Circular says the repairer will take the watch entirely apart. If there be water still noticeable he will place all the parts in alcohol and then clean them. If they be dry he will put all ordinary steel parts in benzine and all plates, bridges and brass parts in a solution of alkali and soap.

A repairer receiving a watch several days after its wetting will immerse it in coal oil. Then he will decide whether it will be less expensive to clean the works or to replace them with a new movement.

Three Serbian Words.

Dobra is the general word of assent in Serbia. If a doughnut is good—and Serbs make delectable doughnuts in tin pans over camp fires—it is dobra. A good looking girl is dobra, and if she is very good looking she is dobra-dobra. A good speech or a lucky general or a pleasant summer or the word to charge are all dobra.

One can go anywhere in Serbia if one is but better perfect in dobra and naimo, which latter is the general negative. One should also be able to say "Hydy" with great force and conviction. That is the slang for "hurry." And it is needed, for these Balkan peoples do not like to hurry unless killing is somewhere involved. One's conversation might lack continuity perhaps, but if supplemented by assorted rubs and pattings one need never miss a bed or a meal where a Serb camp fire shines.—Herbert Corey in Saturday Evening Post.

Bin may be chased to close we can not see the face.—Trench.

Hibernation.

In the state known as "hibernation" respiration practically ceases. Digestion ceases to follow respiration, and the waste of tissue is reduced to the smallest possible limit, the circulation in the meantime being only just sufficient to sustain life. It has been ascertained that animals can endure the loss of tissue until it amounts to 40 per cent of their normal weight. Should the weight be reduced beyond that limit the result is death. It is the stored up fat within the body of the hibernating creature that sustains them during the many months of cold weather.

Cleaning a Water Bottle.

To clean the inside of a water bottle or any glass that is too small to insert the hand into put into the bottle a small quantity of tea leaves, pour in about one-third of a teaspoonful of vinegar, shake well, empty and rinse with cold water. A perfectly clear glass will result.

Must Be Paid.

"Dad, I want to be a musician."

"Then I'd be either a piper or a fiddler."

"Why?"

"When there is any paying to be done I notice they are always preferred creditors."—Kansas City Journal.

Work as Well as Pray.

Pray for what you want, but don't wear out the knees of your bristles at it. If you don't get a quick answer rise up and go to work before you get too weak to rise.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Alternative.

Mr. B.—Do you think you'll be able to keep up with your creditors? Mrs. B.—If we can't, we'll move.—Pittsburgh Press.

JAMES P. TAYLOR,

139

Thames Street,

DEALER IN

Clothing

—AND—

GENTLEMEN'S

Furnishing Goods.

AGENT FOR

Rogers, Peet & Co.'s

CLOTHING.

Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer an entire line of

Fall and Winter Woollens,

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 4 per cent less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

184 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.

NEW HOME



NO OTHER LIKE IT.

NO OTHER AS GOOD.

Purchase the "NEW HOME" and you will have a whole lot at the price you pay. The elimination of repair expense by superior workmanship and best quality of material makes the "NEW HOME" a most economical investment. Insist on having the "NEW HOME."

WARRANTED FOR ALL TIME. Known the world over for superior sewing qualities. Not made under any other name. THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO., ORANGE, MASS.

DEALER WANTED

LOOSE LEAF BINDERS

We handle the famous L-P Line of loose Leaf Binders and Forms. You've seen them advertised in the Saturday Evening Post and other publications.

1000 LOOSE LEAF DEVICES AND FORMS FOR EVERY PURPOSE AND FOR EVERY BUSINESS.

Ring Binders, Post Binders (Sectional and Whole), Spring Back Binders, and Patent Steel Ledgers.

MERCURY PUB. CO.,

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The Mercury.

Published by MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.
Office Telephone 131
House Telephone 131

Saturday, September 29, 1917



It is said that the publication of German perdition in America would astound the world.

Woman Suffrage lost in Maine on September 10 by 18,231 votes. The women are not at all daunted. They will try again.

The Allies in this European war are waiting for the United States to make its force felt. If this war lasts till next spring Uncle Sam's forces will be at the front with large numbers.

Mayor Thompson of Chicago, whose pro-German attitude has caused him severe criticism, now announces that he will be a candidate for United States Senator next fall. It will be interesting to watch the contest.

The demand is made for the expulsion of La Follette of Wisconsin from the United States Senate for his treasonable utterances. He has been nothing but a traitor and a blatherskite for years and the people are just now finding him out.

Ex-President Taft is not a pacifist. His vigorous endorsement of the War campaign defeated a movement of that kind in the Unitarian General Conference at Montreal. A resolution endorsing the Wilson administration was passed by a vote of 236 to 9.

The University of North Carolina has decided to discontinue football until after the war—substituting military drill instead. A good idea that should be followed elsewhere. Football furnishes exercise for a few students; military drill will furnish exercise for all.

Argentina has now decided that she can stand German intrigue no longer and has voted to cast in her strength with the Allies. Most of South America is now allied against Germany. It will not be long before that nation will have the entire world arrayed against her.

Our summer townsman, Grafton D. Cushing, seems to have been badly snowed under last Tuesday in his primary fight for the Governorship of Massachusetts. Gov. McCall beat him by over fifty thousand. Gov. McCall will have an equally easy contest at the polls in November over his Democratic opponent.

The Kaiser says he wants peace, and this is how he wants it. A "compensation" of \$50,000,000,000 marks (\$87,500,000,000) for which the normal rate of exchange will be exacted. The following territorial acquisitions: The greater part of Belgium, the districts of Brie and Longwy in France, the Suez canal, Calais and Boulogne, the Belgian Congo, the colonies of Portugal, the English and French colonies in tropical Africa, Malta, Aden, Cyprus, Gibraltar, Madeira, the Azores, Morocco, Tunis, the Canary Islands. From Russia will be exacted Lithuania, Esthonia, Livonia, Vilna, Grodno and Minsk and Courland.

The Farm Bureau.

The booth of the Farm Bureau at the County Fair attracted considerable attention and considerable information was given out there. The campaign for membership was not so far reaching as was hoped for but members to the Farm Bureau are gladly received at any time. Considerable interest of the people at the fair was given to the Home Economics display located beside the booth of the Farm Bureau. Miss Annie Hoxie was in charge of this display and is now permanently located at the Farm Bureau office where she will work among the housewives of this county.

The past week has found the farmers busy filling their silos. The corn crop is especially good all over the County. A silage corn which has gained great favor this year among the men with silos is "Bishops White Dent." It is a corn that has a particularly large ear which matures well and is grown on a large and leafy stock. Among the Rhode Island corn raisers are reports of yields from seventy-five to one hundred bushels shelled corn per acre.

When the Commission on Agricultural Inquiry announced that they were to buy wheat seed the farmers in this section were notified and fifty bushels were finally ordered. Most of the farmers who are showing wheat are planning on seeding down with the wheat this fall thus saving one plowing.

Mr. William Peckham of Little Compton has raised wheat for the past three years. He reports that he has obtained as high as fifty bushel per acre. This past season he had thirteen acres which gave an average yield of about twenty-five bushels. This yield while not as large as other years is about eight bushels higher than the average yield for the United States.

The coming season Mr. Peckham plans to plant thirty acres. Among the other men who are growing wheat in this county are Messrs. Harry Peckham and Silas Wright of Middletown, W. S. Bateman of Newport, and E. P. Champlin of Block Island, and William Gladstone of Jamestown.

Getting Trade for Venezuela

"As a result of a suggestion from the American consulate in La Guayra," so runs an official statement, the farmers of Venezuela have begun to ship corn to the New York market, eighty tons having constituted the first cargo sent. The duties of an American consul have not hitherto been thought to comprise activity in procuring goods to be sent to American markets to compete with the home product, no matter how high the prices may be which are prevailing in the United States—and which are said to have afforded the basis for the amiable suggestion of Consul Brett to our Venezuelan competitors. There is another phase to this situation which is also worth considering. The eighty tons of Venezuelan corn which are coming to New York, and all the other tons which may follow them, will be admitted through our custom house free of duty; because the Underwood Democratic tariff law struck out the fifteen cents a bushel duty which the Payne Republican tariff provided as a protection to American farmers. So that we find American consuls aiding foreign producers to get into the American market, where the bars had already been let down by a Democratic Congress.

Food Enough

Washington reports that there is enough food in sight to win the war—enough to feed the world. The biggest crop of food products ever grown in the United States, which means the biggest ever grown in any country in the world, is white for the harvest.

The army in the furrows has won its first battle. According to figures of the Department of Agriculture there will be harvested 3,248,000,000 bushels of corn, half a billion bushels in excess of the average crop; 462,000,000 bushels of white potatoes, 100,000,000 bushels in excess of the average.

The same proportion of increase applies to practically all other food crops except wheat. The department prides itself that this is the result of the emergency war work of American farmers in response to the appeals of the President and the Department of Agriculture.

Storage of potatoes and other foods, encouraging of live stock growing, establishment of farm demonstration agents in every county are some of the things to which the Department of Agriculture is now turning its attention.

Earl Grey a Friend

The late Earl Grey was a friend of America when such were none too numerous in the governing class in England. His service as Viceroy of Canada was at a time when the aggressive designs of German militarism were in development, his term of office ending, indeed, in 1911, the fateful year of the incident of Agadir and the "Panther," when Belgium first realized her danger as the "buffer State" and began those preparations which stayed the progress of the Hun at Liege and made the later miracle of the Marne possible. Earl Grey has helped to interpret the American spirit to our British cousins. With him at Ottawa and with Viscount Bryce at Washington, there was small danger of real misunderstanding between Great Britain and the United States; and we doubt not that he counted among the privileges of his life that it was prolonged until he saw American troops, under the Stars and Stripes, marching through the streets of London on their way to the trenches in Flanders where French and British allies awaited them.

Get Ready for Both

A prominent New York financier says that his judgment is that this war will last six years, but his intuition is that it will last six months. We shall do well if we make our war preparations upon the assumption that it will last six years and prepare for peace as though we expected it within the next six months. Great Britain and France and Germany have already begun making preparations for the industrial and commercial competition which will begin as soon as peace has been declared.

City Documents

The City Documents, printed at the MERCURY OFFICE, have been completed and delivered to the City Hall. In four days after the last copy was in the printers' hands, the books, completed and bound in cloth, making a volume of nearly eight hundred pages were ready for delivery. That is what might reasonably be called quick work.

Lieutenant W. Clark Barrett, U. S. R., of this city, who is attached to Company G, 16th regiment, U. S. A., encamped at Fort Nolls, and a part of the so-called "rainbow" division, expects to sail for France soon.

A paper company in New Hampshire lately sold out to another party. Among the assets was a barrel of German red dye bought three years ago for \$89. The new owners sold it for \$500.

The exhibition drill by the brigade of apprentice seamen at the Naval Training Station Wednesday afternoon was in honor of the Russian Naval Mission, at present attached to the States.

There will be an important meeting of the Newport Improvement Association, L. L. Gillespie, President, at the Newport Historical rooms on Monday next at 11 o'clock.

There were thirty-one deaths reported for the month of August.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

DEATH OF GEORGE G. HALL

Mr. George Gardner Hall died at his residence, Hall Manor, on Friday of last week. Mr. Hall and a friend, Mr. Brownell of New Bedford, were out driving when they drove in front of Oscar C. Manchester's store. Mr. Brownell went into the store, leaving Mr. Hall, who was deaf, alone in the carriage. The electric express came along going toward Newport at a fast rate of speed and struck the back of the buggy, throwing Mr. Hall into the air before he struck the ground, causing concussion of the brain. Mr. Hall was picked up and physicians were summoned immediately, but could do nothing and Mr. Hall died a few hours later.

He was known throughout the country because of his association with Boston hotels. In 1895 he became a bookkeeper at the Parker House, a position he held for 10 years. When Geo. Young, proprietor of Young's Hotel, announced his intention of retiring, Mr. Hall and J. Reed Whipple, also prominent in Boston hotel affairs, decided to succeed Mr. Young as proprietors, taking this hotel under a long lease of the place. In 1893 Messrs. Hall and Whipple secured a long lease on the new Adams House and opened it in the fall. The place has just celebrated its 34th anniversary. A few years ago Mr. Whipple gave up his interests and Mr. Hall became sole proprietor of the Adams House, continuing until three years ago when severe illness and a serious operation caused him to give up active duties. At that time he was succeeded by his two sons, Frank G. and George R. Hall, and a brother, Anthony D. Hall. Mr. Hall is survived by a widow, two sons and a brother. Mr. Hall was born in Bristol, R. I., in 1843 and went to Boston in 1866. Since then he has made his home there, coming to Hall Manor in the summer for many years. Last week he had a pair of beautiful horses which won prizes at the Newport County Fair. These he presented to Governor L. Livingston Beckman to be used in any way for the Newport Chapter of the Red Cross. The horses will be sold at auction and the proceeds will go to the Red Cross. The estate has brought suit against the Bay State Street Railway Company, charging them with Mr. Hall's death, and at a special session of the district court Motorman John Golden pleaded "not guilty" and he was released on \$2500 bail. Mr. Golden was represented by Messrs. Sheffield & Harvey and Mr. Golden was charged with manslaughter.

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION

Mrs. Eunice A. Greene entertained the Women's Christian Temperance Union at a special business meeting on Tuesday afternoon. The following were appointed delegates to attend the State convention in Providence next week—Mrs. Emma Sherman, Mrs. Thomas J. Sweet, with Mrs. Richard Macomber and Mrs. George A. Faulkner as alternates. Other officers elected for the year were: First Vice President, Mrs. John F. Lowden of the Methodist Episcopal church; Second Vice President, Mrs. A. Edward Kelsey of the Friends' church; Third Vice President, Mrs. Kate Bailey of the Christian church. The following superintendents were also elected: Department of literature and social purity, Mrs. Charles Grinnell; department of medical temperance, Mrs. Eunice A. Greene; department of press work and co-operative missionary work, Mrs. Alonzo E. Borden; department of scientific temperance instruction, Mrs. Lucy M. Thimney; department of work among soldiers and sailors and flower mission work, Mrs. Emma Sherman; department of peace, Miss Etta Sherman; department of franchise, Mrs. Letitia Freeborn; department of social work, Mrs. George C. Brawley, Miss Etta Sherman, Mrs. Alonzo E. Borden, Mrs. Walter Sowle, Mrs. Andrew Walker and Mrs. Frank L. Tallman.

Mrs. J. J. Peckham and Mr. J. Austin Peckham spent the week-end with relatives in New Bedford.

Mrs. John Quinn of Providence has been guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Tallman at Cozy Corner.

Miss Marguerite Frank, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Frank of Fall River, died suddenly on Saturday afternoon. Miss Frank, who was a teacher in the Susan Wilson school of Fall River, with several other teachers was at Portsmouth Park. It was their custom to bathe in the salt water each Saturday afternoon. Miss Frank had taken her dip, had gone out of the water and dressed, when she started to walk up the road when she sank down and expired immediately.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Gray, Misses Molly and Louise Gray and Mr. Charles W. Anthony have been spending several days in Providence.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Holman of Wetherby, Pa., have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Freeborn.

Mr. Thomas Ford and family have moved into the Mott cottage opposite the car barn.

Mrs. M. F. Taylor and Mrs. Charles E. Child of Providence are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Anthony.

Many people from this town attended the fair at Westport this week.

Bishop Perry has asked Rev. Everett P. Smith of St. Mary's church to care for the boys in the Naval Reserve Force who belong to the Episcopal church and also those who have no church. Rev. Mr. Smith has held and will continue to hold services at the camp every Sunday morning and will also devote a part of his time during the week to this work. Rev. Mr. Smith gave an address before the Second Baptist Brotherhood of Newport on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Peckham are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Ward Alger of Westerly, R. I.

Mr. J. Harrison Peckham has been attending a conference of naval draftsmen in New York, being the delegate from the Newport Chapter of the American Society of Marine Draftsmen.

Middletown Constabulary has begun its regular weekly drills at the Oakland Farm training ring.

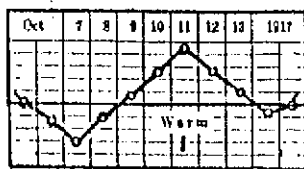
Mr. Reginald Vanderbilt has presented a valuable trophy to the New York Horse Show.

Dr. Harry E. Daney and Mrs. J. H. Daney of Keene, N. H., have been guests of Mrs. Thomas Holman.

The Portsmouth boys who have gone to Ayr to train for the National army are Elliott P. Anthony, Herman Holman, Charles Cory, Jr., Antone Morris and Frank Ferreira.

The body of George F. Anthony of Pawtucket was brought here Tuesday

WEATHER BULLETIN.



The heavy horizontal line represents the normal of temperature. The zigzag line is the predicted movement of temperatures up and down. Dates at the top are for their time at meridian 90. If you are east of that line these weather features should reach you one or two days later; if west of it one to three days earlier. Meridian 90 is near the Mississippi River. Newport is many degrees east and the weather prediction will apply here two days later.

for burial in the family lot in the Portsmouth cemetery. Only the immediate family was present. There were many beautiful flowers.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Sewall have returned from an automobile trip lasting a week.

Mr. John E. Brown, who has been visiting his father, Mr. George A. Brown, has returned to Washington, D. C.

Mr. Philip P. Peckham of Boston is spending his vacation with his mother, Mrs. N. Horace Peckham.

Diphtheria has not been entirely stamped out, as there are a number of cases still in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Langley are entertaining Miss Jennie M. Bailey of Hope Valley, formerly of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Peckham and Miss Peckham have returned from a visit to the White Mountains.

Dr. N. A. Estes has been in Worcester the past week giving a clinic before the Northeastern Dental Association.

He Did His Best.

Great amusement was caused by the action of a yellow hammer which tried to peck a hole through a cast-iron United States mail box on a post in front of a hotel in Albany, N. Y. The bird persistently operated his beak on the top of the box for several intervals of five to fifteen minutes with the result that the paint was slightly scoured in several places, but so far as could be ascertained, with no damaging effect to the box. Early in the forenoon the proprietor of the hotel, was disturbed while reading the paper, by the sound of the hammer which was passing over the box. He watched the performance with amusement until some passerby caused the bird to fly away. The bird returned several times during the forenoon and pounded away on the top of the box, at times a number of people acting as spectators.

Buying or Selling.

Those interested in buying or selling grain, cotton or seeds may learn how to use Foster's Cropweather Forecasts as an aid. Address Foster's Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C.

WEEKLY ALMANAC, OCTOBER, 1917.

STANDARD TIME.

	Sun	Sun	Moon	High	Water
	rise	sets	sets	(Morn)	Eve
29 Sat	5:51	5:31	4:03	5:47	6:08
30 Sun	5:41	5:21	3:53	5:37	5:58
1 Mon	5:32	5:12	3:43	5:27	5:49
2 Tues	5:23	5:03	3:33	5:17	5:39
3 Wed	5:14	4:54	3:23	5:07	5:29
4 Thurs	5:05	4:45	3:13	4:57	5:19
5 Fri	4:56	4:36	3:03	4:47	5:10

Moon's last set, Oct. 7 4:40 a.m. Evening
New Moon Oct. 13 9:40 a.m. Evening
First set Oct. 21 9:50 a.m. Morning
Full Moon Oct. 30 11:10 a.m. Morning

Deaths.

In this city, 23th inst., Charles E., son of the late John E. Peckham, died at the residence of his mother, Mrs. Charles E. Peckham, at 100 West Main street, at the age of 10 years.
In this city, 24th inst., Louisa M., wife of William J. Brown, died at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Charles E. Peckham, at 100 West Main street, at the age of 10 years.
In this city, 24th inst., Charles Carr, in his 84th year, died at the residence of his mother, Mrs. Charles E. Peckham, at 100 West Main street.
In this city, 24th inst., Harriet N., widow of Oliver E. French, in her 84th year, died at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Charles E. Peckham, at 100 West Main street.
In this city, 24th inst., Catherine, widow of Wm. W. Walz, aged 80 years, died at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Charles E. Peckham, at 100 West Main street.
In this city, 24th inst., Emma A., widow of John H. Berry, in her 68th year, died at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Charles E. Peckham, at 100 West Main street.
In this city, 24th inst., suddenly, George Gardner Hall, died at his residence, Hall Manor, in his 54th year.
In North Freetown, 24th inst., Samuel Jacques Goldsmith, in his 64th year.
In Freetown, 24th inst., George E. Anthony, in his 54th year.
In Coventry, 24th inst., Charles D. Stone, in his 54th year.
In Providence, 24th inst., Joseph T. Sheldon, in his 64th year.
In Rockland, 24th inst., Frances Elizabeth, widow of Albert B. Olney, in her 84th year.
In South Scituate, 24th inst., Edgar C. Phillips, in his 84th year.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons desiring to buy or sell houses, sites or farms, or to rent houses, sites or farms, or to build houses, sites or farms, or to do any other kind of real estate business, can do so by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

122 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1911. He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal cities and Notary Public. Has a Branch Office open all summer in America for Summer Villas and Country places.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Newport County Farm Bureau opened an office on Meeting Street in the Exchange Bank Building, July 2.

Office hours 8 to 10.30 every day, 7.30 to 12 m. Saturdays.

MAKE US A VISIT TEL. 3476

"Let your Farm Bureau Help You."

Do You Want Cash

For Your Farm Property?

1100-1110

Farmers & Traders' Bureau,

1100-1110 738 B. Jamestown, R. I.

NEWS CONDENSED FOR BUSY READERS

Brief Items From Various Sections of New England

Morrill N. Drew, a leader in Maine politics, died at Portland, aged 56. He had been speaker of the Maine house of representatives, in which he served several terms.

Col. Frank B. McCoy, in charge of the Boston recruiting station of the United States army, died suddenly of heart disease.

Boston university is given \$550,000 and the residue of the estate of Mrs. Augusta E. Corbin, whose will was filed in the Suffolk registry of probate at Boston.

Both older and younger men will be employed in the future on the New Haven railroad in the operating department. The former age limit was 21 to 35 years.

The Hay State Dispensary at Boston closed after the Boston Chamber of Commerce had charged the institution with not properly accounting for funds and supplies collected for charitable purposes.

Leave of absence to twenty-three members of the Harvard university faculty was granted at the meeting of the university's board of overseers.

Marlin E. Joyce, prominent in New England Irish societies and supervisor of the Irish National Foresters, died at Boston.

Yale university began her 218th year with a cut in the student body from 3500 to 2000 owing to the war.

Mrs. Adelaide C. Swift, 64, was run over and killed by a trolley car at Boston.

A wool famine, or at least a short age that was demoralize many lines of industry in the United States, is now predicted by Boston wool men for early 1918 unless the war lets up.

L. B. Pampling of Concord, N. H. was elected president of the Photographers' association of New England.

Charles O. Beals of Auburn, Me. was appointed deputy labor commissioner.

An order that the public utility commission be requested to investigate the advances in interstate freight rates in Maine proposed by railroad was passed by the governor and council.

The navy needs innumerable skilled tradesmen, according to Chief Boatswain O'Neil of the navy recruiting office at Boston.

A request that the price of coal in Greater Boston be reduced by the authorities at Washington to the price of \$5.50 or \$2 was forwarded to the Administrator Garfield by Chairman Heath of the Boston committee of public safety.

James Carroll, said by the police to be the "cleverest diamond switcher" this side of Kimberly, was arrested at Boston for the Chicago police.

Mrs. Thomas R. Sprague of Medford, Mass., committed suicide by drinking carbolic acid.

Frank Ryan of Haverhill, Mass., died of injuries received in an automobile accident.

Lewis B. Davis, 70, a wealthy retired farmer, was found dead in his home at Haverhill, Mass. Gas in a range was turned on, the police believe, by accident.

Harry Cluid was killed and eight others injured by an explosion at the plant of the Newton Manufacturing company, Lowell, Mass., which is engaged in making shells for the government.

With \$25,000 worth of mackerel aboard, five fishing vessels put into Portland, Me., making what is believed to be a world's record for value of a single day's catch of this variety of fish.

Henceforth, there can be no parades nor processions in Boston streets unless a permit has been obtained from the street commissioners.

The highest charter rate ever known for a steamship will be paid for a big American freighter now at Boston—\$5000 a day.

Five-year-old William McCarthy, received injuries from which he died when he was run down by an auto truck at Boston.

Patrick Howard, 50, died at Boston as a result of inhaling illuminating gas.

One hundred and twenty-five brewery workers at Lawrence, Mass., walked out when their demands for a wage increase of \$2 a week was refused.

Opposite the present Quincy House, Boston, is to rise a new Quincy House, a 500-room hotel, to cost \$1,000,000.

All records for a single catch at the Boston fish pier were broken when the Gloucester fishing steamer Mirvina, Captain Murray, tied up with a cargo of 100,000 pounds of mackerel.

A mass meeting of all city employees and heads of departments will be held in Boston for the purpose of uniting all municipal employees.

John H. Morton, 12, was found dead in a gas-filled sleeping room in his parents' apartment at Brookline, Mass.

Captain George R. H. Burdington, manager of the Fall River Evening Herald, died at the age of 22. He was formerly commander-in-chief of the Massachusetts Naval Militia.

Dennis Kelleher, 65, one of a gang of section hands employed in laying tracks on the Boston and Maine road at Melrose, Mass., was killed by a train.

Seward E. Emmons was sentenced to four months in jail for the embezzlement of \$1929 of postal funds while serving as assistant postmaster at Lewiston, Me.

Alderman Wood of Haverhill, Mass., indicted on a charge of larceny from the city and malfeasance in office, pleaded not guilty and was released under \$1200 bonds.

Mabel Robergo, 15, was run over by an automobile at Fall River, Mass., and killed.

James A. McLaughlin, 56 a Boston lawyer, was killed by an automobile.

Robert Peabody, 72, widely known Boston architect, former president of the American Institute of Architects, and former chairman of the Boston Park Commission, died at his summer home at Marblehead, Mass.

Patrick Jordan, 7, died at Haverhill, Mass., after having both his legs amputated by a train.

Blaid Severens, a cornetist in the naval training band at Camp Hinghaus, was struck and killed by a train at Weymouth, Mass.

Miss Anna Lane, 24, of Boston was killed when an automobile in which she was riding was struck by an engine at Hudson, Mass.

Struck by a train at Auburndale, Mass., Margaret Young, 8, was instantly killed.

Brown University officials expect that even with a normal freshman class membership the total attendance this fall will not exceed 500.

After having been given up for a week as dead, Charles Mattson reached Boston in the fishing schooner Acushnet, which picked him up in south channel.

Seward E. Emmons, assistant postmaster of Lewiston, Me., was indicted by the federal grand jury for the alleged embezzlement of \$1929.13.

Matthew Cleary, 60, of Lynn, Mass., died as the result of injuries received when he was run over by a trolley car.

Joseph Alagator, 27, was killed at Boston when an embankment broke and buried a number of workmen.

Captain John H. Frost, 76 a Boston pilot commissioner, died at Hyannis, Mass. He commanded clipper ships during early manhood.

William J. Burko, president of the Boston Federal Employees' Union, was elected to the office of vice-president of the National Union of that name.

The

GERMANY FEARS AMERICAN MIGHT

Desperate Effort For Peace
Is Thus Explained

GRADUALLY LOSING PUNCH

Recent Events on Various Battlefronts Show Teuton Forces Are on Down Grade—Face Spectre of Terrible Beating If Struggle Continues—Further Concessions Likely

Washington, Sept. 28.—Germany—weakling, though not yet beaten—is making a desperate effort for peace in the fear of America's might next year.

International experts repeated this declaration even more emphatically than they have voiced it for weeks past—on the strength of Secretary Baker's official war review showing that Germany's "punch" is waning.

The government was informed long ago that Germany would start a new propaganda for peace to avoid a winter campaign and the effects of America's participation in the war. German replies to the Vulliam prove the information was entirely correct. Germany's moves now are looked on here as an appeal to pacifist opinion.

Baker's war review shows that the enemy does not feel himself able to undertake the "march" advertised of twelve months so often boasted of at home during the past summer in order to end the war victoriously by Christmas.

The report shows Russian resistance stiffening; the Austrians using only one division as reserve in their Italian campaign; while the British and French artillery, infantry and aircraft have done most spectacular work the past week. Such a situation means that Germany is on the down grade.

With the military situation thus shaping much to Germany's disadvantage, experts here see clearly that her peace announcements are based on a real internal desire for peace, always which rides the spectre of a terrible beating if the struggle goes on.

Germany's latest peace move, a suggestion that Germany is willing to pay "her share" of damages and grant independence to Belgium, with the Teutons free to develop economically there, squares with word printed recently based on official embassy messages here.

The outline said Germany, in addition to offering Belgium independence, would also agree to siding up Alsace-Lorraine between Germany and France. This overture is felt here to be still a possibility.

WAITING FOR AMERICANS

Allies Content Themselves Meanwhile by Wearing Down Enemy.

Washington, Sept. 27.—The American government's first official statement concerning military operations in Europe was issued last night by Secretary Baker, inaugurating a series which in time will be devoted largely to activities of the United States expeditionary forces.

It says that, while ascendancy on the west front has passed definitely to the allies, they are content merely to wear down the enemy until the force of the American army makes itself felt in the field.

Operations for the week ending Sept. 22 are reviewed by Baker, without reference to the American force now in France.

AMERICANS UNDER FIRE

Barracks Roof and Walls Riddled, but Not a Man Hurt

American Army Headquarters in France, Sept. 28.—American army engineers, sleeping in their barracks, have been under fire from German aircraft.

Not an American was hurt, despite a fusillade of machine gun fire from the air which riddled the barracks roof and walls.

The soldiers took refuge in dugouts. They sat about in groups until the raiders were dispersed.

This is the first time that the barracks of an American army contingent have been under German aerial fire. Details of the attack, including the date and time, cannot be given.

EFFORTS ABANDONED

Congress Will Take No Action on the Alien Slacker Law

Washington, Sept. 28.—Objections to enactment of any alien slacker legislation at present, voiced by Secretary Lansing before the house military affairs committee, resulted in a committee vote to postpone action to definitely.

Chairman Dent later said that the secretary's statement that the state department was negotiating with other countries to effect a result equivalent to enactment of "alien slacker" legislation was largely responsible for the move. These negotiations will be continued, the secretary said, before a second draft call is issued.

'FRISCO STRIKE SETTLED

Twenty-Five Thousand Mechanics Are Going Back to Work

San Francisco, Sept. 27.—The strike of 25,000 iron workers and other mechanics in the San Francisco Bay region was settled at a meeting of the Iron Trades Council here, according to an official statement issued by the council.

The strike has tied up work for ten days on one-eighth of the government's shipbuilding contracts.

ARGENTINA GIVEN EVIDENCE OF PLOTS

Lansing Turns Over Hundreds
of Secret Messages

Washington, Sept. 28.—Secretary Lansing, in response to an inquiry from the Argentine government as to whether he had further evidence of German-Swedish collusion, has turned over to the Argentine ambassador, a complete record of all the secret German messages which have been exchanged between the Berlin foreign office and the German legation in Buenos Ayres via the Swedish legation.

The exposures, amounting, it is said, to several hundred messages constitute an answer to the inquiry as to whether Lansing has further evidence of the particular form of Teutonic intrigues of which he has been giving striking but individual examples.

With the tell-tale messages transmitted to Argentina, and with Mr. Ekengren, the Swedish minister, appealing to the president on his government's behalf, the whole situation involved in German-Swedish plots came to the fore again.

The virtually complete mass of evidence which Lansing has given to Naon has fairly taken away the breath of diplomats who were not in the secret.

NAVY YARD STRIKES

Union Presidents Will Confer With Officials at Washington

Washington, Sept. 28.—The two departments of the government whose activities in preparing for war have been most seriously hampered by labor troubles, moved to secure a definite and final settlement early next month that will hold for the period of the war.

On Oct. 2, the heads of all the international unions whose men are employed at navy yards will meet with naval officials in Washington to reach a final adjustment of wage disputes. Pending the conference there will be no walkouts at any of the yards. The 2500 men who have been on strike at the Norfolk yard returned to work yesterday.

With the return of the Norfolk navy yard strikers and a temporary agreement reached in the San Francisco shipbuilders' strike, the national labor situation looks brighter.

BENNETT LEADS MITCHELL

Has 282 More Votes Than Mayor in Recent Toss

New York, Sept. 28.—William M. Bennett was 282 votes ahead of Mayor Mitchell for the Republican mayoralty nomination when ballots cast in nine-borough Manhattan assembly districts had been recounted.

The swing to Bennett was the result of many improperly marked ballots being discovered. Bennett's supporters are positive that the results of this second canvass will show Bennett so far ahead of Mitchell that an official judicial review of the primary can be abandoned.

The official results of the election gave Mitchell a lead of 325 over Bennett. The recount probably will last until next week.

NOTED AVIATOR KILLED

Guynemer Has Brought Down Fifty-two German Machines

Paris, Sept. 28.—Captain George Guynemer, the famous French aviator is thought to have been killed during a reconnaissance flight over Flanders on which he left Dunkirk on Sept. 11. Nothing has been heard of him since Guynemer, who attained world-wide fame by his exploits, was perhaps the most brilliant aviator of the war. He was last cited in the official French announcement of Sept. 10, for having won his 50th aerial victory in an official press despatch a few days earlier said he had accounted for 52 enemy machines. He was 2 years old.

U-Boat Sinkings Decrease

London, Sept. 27.—Thirteen British merchantmen of 1600 tons and over and two vessels of less than 1600 tons were sunk by mines or submarines last week. In the aggregate this is the smallest number of vessels, including fishing craft, sunk during any one week since Germany began her intensified submarine war here.

Denmark Reduces Size of Army

Copenhagen, Sept. 23.—The Danish government has ordered another reduction in the size of the standing army. The step is taken, it is stated, mainly for financial reasons, but also because discipline in the army has been weakened and its quality deteriorated under protracted service.

Rabbi Dies at Age of 113

New York, Sept. 28.—Leaving 11 children, grandchildren and great grandchildren, Rabbi Barrett Willis died here at the age of 113 years. He has had three wives. He smoked all his life, but never drank.

Forty-Two Years in Armies

Fort Leavenworth, Kan., Sept. 27.—Sergeant Edward P. Emley of the regular army has retired, having reached his 60th year. He served twelve years in the British army and thirty with the United States regulars.

From Turin to London by Air

London, Sept. 28.—Captain Laureati of the Italian army, accompanied by an observer, made a non-stop airplane flight from Turin to London. He covered the 655 miles in seven hours and twelve minutes.

GERMANY NAMES BASIS OF PEACE

Offers to Evacuate Belgium
on "Certain Conditions"

PLEDGE IS MADE TO POPE

Willing to Pay Part of War Damages Under Guarantees—Commercial Factors and Division of Country Between Flemish and Walloon Races Demanded—Asquith Skeptical.

London, Sept. 27.—Germany has agreed to evacuate Belgium on certain conditions, it is declared in a German official statement, according to a despatch from Berlin given out by the wireless press.

Germany, it is stipulated, must have the right to develop her economic enterprises freely in Belgium, especially in Antwerp.

The proposal was made in a supplementary note to the Vatican, replying to the peace initiative of Pope Benedict. It was in the form of a verbal communication made by Foreign Secretary Kuhlmann to the papal nuncio at Munich, wherein the foreign secretary specified the conditions under which Germany was willing to conclude peace on the basis of the evacuation of Belgium.

The verbal note to the papal nuncio said Germany would contribute a share of the compensation to be paid Belgium for war damages. Belgium would be required, it said, to give a guarantee that any such menace as that which threatened Germany in 1914 would in future be excluded.

Belgium must undertake to maintain administrative separation of the Flanders and Walloon districts introduced by Germany, the verbal note says, because this separation corresponds to the wishes of the majority of the Belgian people, and because Germany desires such separation on account of racial sympathy.

Any peace worth having cannot be found in a cessation of active hostilities, followed by a process of territorial bargaining to be embodied in protocols and pacts, and still less in an arrangement imposed either by victors or vanquished which sets a defiance of the historic traditions, aspirations and liberties of the people affected.

Former Premier Asquith made this declaration in addressing a mass meeting at Leeds under the auspices of the war aims committee. He described the German reply to the papal note as "nebulous and unconvincing" but giving no indication that Germany will take any practical steps to open the road to a real and lasting peace. Was Germany ready to restore French territory and give Belgium full independence, without fetters or reservations? he asked. A definite reply to these questions, he said, would be worth a whole column of "pious platitudes."

HARD LABOR FOR LIFE

Former Russian Minister of War Sentenced for High Treason.

Petrograd, Sept. 27.—General Soukhomlinoff, former minister of war, was sentenced to hard labor for life after conviction of the charge of high treason in the court here.

Mme. Soukhomlinoff was acquitted. Soukhomlinoff was convicted also on charges of abuse of confidence and fraud.

Attitude of Clan-na-Gael

Boston, Sept. 26.—The Boston Clan-na-Gael has issued a statement breathing new defiance of England, expressing thanks to John Devoy, editor of the Gaelic-American, and to Judge Cohan of New York, and repeating the charge that President Wilson betrayed the Irish revolution to England.

Police Officer Slain

Newport, Vt., Sept. 27.—Angered because he had been ordered deported to Canada, Robert J. Priddy of Quebec shot Daniel J. McDermott, a federal immigration inspector, and J. P. Monogue, a local police officer. Monogue fell dead and McDermott was seriously injured.

Working Ahead of Schedule

Washington, Sept. 28.—Two American plants making rifles for the army are forwarding completed weapons to the army storehouses a month ahead of the date on which they expected to begin deliveries.

Train Kills Four Infantrymen

Chicago, Sept. 28.—Four soldiers of the Forty-Fifth United States Infantry stationed at Fort Sheridan were struck and killed by an electric train at Highland Park.

Rebel Yell to Scare Germans

Quantico, Va., Sept. 28.—To put "the fear of God" into German hearts, United States Marines in training here are practicing the old-time rebel yell.

Fifteen Killed in Air Raid

London, Sept. 26.—Fifteen persons were killed and seventy wounded in London during the German air raid Monday night, it was officially announced.

Suffragists Badly Beaten

Augusta, Me., Sept. 27.—Women's suffrage was defeated by 18,234 votes at the recent special election, according to the tabulation of official returns, just announced.

William H. Plummer of Portland

was appointed acting grand secretary of the Maine grand lodge of Odd Fellows.

WORLD'S GREATEST FINANCIAL FEAT

Giant Appropriations Provided
For by Congress

Washington, Sept. 28.—Congress today is nearing the greatest money raising feat in the history of the world's parliaments. No nation, with in an equal time, ever appropriated such sums—\$20,000,000,000—for any purpose.

Nearly \$7,000,000,000 has been set aside for the army, of which about a third is devoted to artillery and ammunition alone. Ship building demanded more than \$1,000,000,000. Aircraft production is given a start with \$594,000,000 and more to come.

An even \$7,000,000,000 is provided for loans to the allies. The navy has needed to date only \$1,000,000,000.

There is pending a soldiers' and sailors' insurance bill which appropriates \$175,250,000 to take care of the wounded and dependents.

More than \$8,500,000 has been set aside for the selective draft. Herbert Hoover is given \$162,500,000 to control the food situation, while Secretary Houston has \$11,345,400 to hold a nation-wide survey and learn what the food supply really is.

After two weeks' deliberation, the conference reached agreement on the war tax bill and sent the revised draft to the printer. While the action was officially said to be tentative, virtually only formal approval of the new draft remains to be voted.

HEFLIN MENTIONS NAMES

Demands That His Charges of Disloyalty Be Heard

Washington, Sept. 28.—Representative Hefflin of Alabama demanded immediate appointment of a house committee before which he can denounce members of congress who in his opinion have acted disloyally.

In an impassioned speech before the rules committee he mentioned the names of Senator La Follette and Representatives Britten and Mason of Illinois and Baker and Norton of North Dakota; and asked an investigation so he could ascertain if there were any connections between their conduct in congress and the \$50,000 Bernstorff slush fund.

He also said that he would not be satisfied to have Speaker Clark name the members of the proposed committee, but would insist that the house elect them. He accused the speaker of unfairness toward him at a recent house session where he was shouted.

A special rule is scheduled for presentation in the house today calling for immediate passage of a resolution providing for an inquiry into the attempts through organizations and individuals to induce senators and representatives to stand against war.

HOLDING THEIR GROUND

British Successfully Parry Fierce Thrusts by German Forces

London, Sept. 28.—With all the objective for which Field Marshal Haig started his men Wednesday morning in a new offensive near Ypres securely in their hands, the British units are now tenaciously holding them, not withdrawing before German thrusts that have ineffectually been launched in efforts to regain the lost ground.

As had been expected by reason of the contour of the territory over which the battle has raged, the fighting throughout has been of a most violent character.

On the front in northern Russia and in Rumania the activity of the Germans and Austro-Hungarians has almost ceased.

Gen. Cadorna has not resumed his intensive offensive against the Austrians along the Isonzo front.

Bought For \$89, Sold For \$5000

Lincoln, N. H., Sept. 24.—A barrel of German red dye, hidden away in the stockroom of a local paper company since its purchase three years ago for \$89, was sold to a New York concern for \$5000. The paper company's plant was sold and the new owners found the long neglected barrel, which brought the top war price.

CUTICURA HEALS BLOTCHES ON ARMS

That Itched and Burned. Hard Crust Formed Like Scale. Face Broke Out. Two Cakes Cuticura Soap and Two Boxes Ointment Healed.

"Great blotches broke out on my arms that would itch and burn so that when I scratched them they spread till my arms were covered. Then a hard crust formed just like a scale. My face too broke out the same way and the eruption caused disfigurement. I lost a good deal of sleep. My arms were inflamed so I could not roll up my sleeves and I was prevented from doing my work."

"I sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. It gave me relief so I bought more, and I used two cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Ointment when I was completely healed."

(Signed) Miss Josephine Hovey, Adams Court, Biddford, Me., July 26, 1916.

You may rely on Cuticura to care for your skin, scalp and hands. Nothing better to clear the skin of pimples and blotches, the scalp of dandruff and the hands of chapping. Besides the Soap has no superior for all toilet uses.

For Free Trial by Return Mail address postcard: "Cuticura, Dept. R, Boston."

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to warm yourself. Don't let the high price of coal bother you. Old King Coal was a merry old soul as long as he could keep them coming. How do you suppose he'll feel when he sees them going? Patronize Rockefeller a little, he needs the money and Standard Oil is hot stuff.

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NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY

Newport, R. I., August 17, 1917.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Newport Trust Company held August 10, 1917, the following directors were elected for the ensuing year:

R. Livingston Beckman	Peter King
Edward J. Berwind	William MacLeod
Charles A. Brackett	Frank C. Nichols
H. Martin Brown	Thomas P. Peckham
Clark Burdick	T. L. Hare Powell
Samuel F. Colt	Andrew K. Quinn
Charles D. Easton	Edward A. Sherman
Henry F. Eldridge	James Stillman
Otis Everett	Jeremiah K. Sullivan
Frederick P. Garrettsen	Henry A. C. Taylor
Lawrence L. Gillespie	Charles Tisdall
Ernest Howe	

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held August 17, 1917, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Thomas P. Peckham
Vice President—Clark Burdick
Treasurer and Secretary—Edward A. Sherman

EDWARD A. SHERMAN, Secretary.

The Savings Bank of Newport

NEWPORT, R. I.

INCORPORATED A. D. 1819

QUARTER DAY

Money deposited on or before Saturday, October 20th, 1917, begins to draw interest from that date.

G. P. TAYLOR,
Treasurer.

For Autumn Outings

The charm of gorgeously colored foliage is an added inducement to visit the beautiful

White Mountains

OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Mile high peaks, hundred mile views, splendid outdoor recreation, golf, tennis, motoring, sports that thrill, invigorating air, and delightful social life. Attractive resorts, fine hotels and boarding houses.

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Inspiration Miscellany

Success In Business

"A very serious question," thus Cardinal Gibbons characterizes in a letter to me a query which I have just addressed to certain representative Philadelphians and a few others, says a writer in the Philadelphia Ledger.

"If a young man came to you seeking your advice, what would you give him as the first rule of success?"

The answer I received from the great and good cardinal whom so many thousands of Philadelphians love and revere is as follows:

"A young man should first consider to what vocation he is called by temperament and inclination, or, rather, by Divine guidance, and after deciding on the business or profession he is to embrace he should devote all his energies to reach the goal of success.

"He should avoid every pleasure and distraction that would divide or weaken his attention to the pursuit of life which he has chosen.

"And he should avoid the common error of imagining that success depends on the acquisition of wealth or fame. No; success is attained by doing well what we do and remaining faithfully at the post of duty.

"In short, his aim of life should be to place principle before popularity, duty before pleasure and Christian righteousness before expediency. He should endeavor, in a word, to be a man of upright character, which is more precious than riches and more enduring than fame."

The Best Things.

The best things are nearest—breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not strive to grasp at the stars, but do life's plain, common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life.

ON BEING CALM.

One of the finest things which reach of the average individual is calmness. It is also profitable.

Calmness is the twin sister of comfort. The man or woman who has formed the habit of calmness is apt to be comfortable when others are uncomfortable.

Nor is it such a difficult matter to make this habit feel enough at home to become a member of the family.

For calmness is about 99 per cent freedom from fear.

As a rule, the person who is not calm is afraid of something or somebody, afraid of self, perhaps. And that is the most disconcerting sort of fear.

The way to be calm is to be calm.

When the winds of adversity or disappointment or discouragement are seeking to ruffle your mental seas keep remembering that there is no such thing as a comfortable passage with the waves beating high. So keep calm. —Philadelphia North American.

The Higher Duties.

All the world complains nowadays of a press of trivial duties and engagements, which prevents their employing themselves on some higher ground they know of. But undoubtedly if they were made of the right stuff to work on that higher ground, provided they were released from all those engagements, they would now at once fulfill the superior engagement and neglect all the rest as naturally as they breathe. They would never be caught saying that they had no time for this when the duller man knows that this is all that he has time for. No man who acts from a sense of duty ever puts the lesser duty above the greater. No man has the desire and the ability to work on high things, but he has also the ability to build himself a high staging.—Thoreau.

Real Elixir of Life.

Contentment is the real elixir of life. It is the real fountain from which flow the waters of perennial youth. Sometimes it costs an effort, a tremendous effort, to say it is all right when our sky is clouded, but the man or woman who can say it is much better off for thus looking at the sunny side of the world than the person who harbors a grievance against all mankind and walks through the world burdened with the somber thoughts of his disappointments.

The Bright Spots.

No man knows his strength or his weakness till occasion proves it. If there be some thoughts and actions of his life from the memory of which a man shrinks with shame, surely there are some which he may be proud to own and remember—forgotten injuries, conquered temptations (now and then) and difficulties vanquished by endurance.

DO YOU FEAR THE WIND?

Do you fear the force of the wind, the dash of the rain? Go face them and fight them. Be brave again. Go hungry and cold like the wolf. Go weak like the crane. The palms of your hands will thicken. The skin of your cheek will tan. You'll grow rugged and weary and hearty. But you'll walk like a man. —Hamlin Garland.

Dead Men's Bones.

Alexander the Great, seeing Diogenes looking attentively at a parcel of human bones, asked the philosopher what he was looking for. "That which I cannot find," was the reply—the difference between your father's bones and those of his slaves."

Let In the Sunlight.

All household furnishings should be exposed to direct sunlight for a number of hours every few days. Direct sunlight is the best disinfectant known. It kills germs in a few hours. Diffused sunlight or daylight may have as good effect, but in a much longer time. Shutting the sunlight out of the house is an unhygienic custom. It should go as has gone many of the ideas and customs belonging to the dark ages. Germs live and thrive in darkness. For that reason sunlight should find its way into the home daily, and its presence should be welcomed as a messenger of cleanliness and good health. The drawing of shades and the closing of windows to keep the carpets and draperies from fading should be discouraged. It is better to have carpets and draperies that are faded than to have boys and girls with cheeks that are faded. Roses in the cheeks are more valuable than roses in the carpet.

How to Fit a Horse Collar.

A collar should be fitted to the horse and not the horse to the collar. The collar that is too large should not be used on a horse in the hope that he will grow large enough so it will eventually fit. A collar that fits well in the spring may not fit at all in the fall.

When one is fitting a horse with a collar the animal should be standing in a natural position on level ground, with his head held at the height maintained while at work. The collar when buckled should fit snugly to the side of the neck, and its face should follow closely and be in even contact with the surface of the shoulders from the top of the withers to the region of his throat. At the throat there should be enough room for a man's hand to be inserted inside the collar.—Farm and Fireside.

Waste In Food.

"Eat what is on your plate" may seem to many people to be a new table precept, yet it has been practised for many years in certain little communities nestled among the rugged hills of New England, where the waste of food is regarded as almost a crime. Hanging on the walls of many houses in these communities may be found the "Table Monitor," perhaps worked in worsted or cardboard and setting forth this sentiment, which somehow has a characteristic old time New England ring: Prosperity may roll with ample flow, Still to be prized, that it may widely bless. The world is full enough of want and woe; I will not mock with selfish wastefulness.

People Who Rarely Wink.

There are people who rarely wink. How they manage to get along without doing so is a marvel, but somehow or other they do. Some eyes are naturally more moist than others, and the very moist eye does not so much need the assistance of the lids to keep the eyeball bright. It is a constitutional matter, for winking, though under the control of the will, is done so quickly that it is practically an involuntary action. Men wink when they feel that the eye is uncomfortably dry, and when it does not become dry the necessity for winking is not felt.

First Veterinary School.

As nearly as the facts can be got at, the first veterinary school was founded in the city of Lyons, France, about the middle of May of the year 1781. Since 1761 veterinary schools have spread all over the civilized world, especially in Germany, France, England and the United States of America, in which advanced countries the horse has the benefit of as fine a science as that which exists for his master, man.

Her Proposal.

"Ah, George, did you propose to Vivian?" "No. She made the proposal before I had a chance to say anything." "She did? What did she say?" "She proposed that I should leave the house immediately, and I did."

Simplicity.

I am convinced, both by faith and experience, that to maintain oneself on this earth is not a hardship, but a pastime if we will live simply and wisely, as the pursuits of the simpler nations are still the sports of the more artificial.—Thoreau.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Measles. "Every rise in temperature of a child should mean isolation as completely as if that child were in fact afflicted with an acute contagious disease," says the Medical Record in discussing means for the prevention of measles. By a "rise in temperature" is understood any temperature higher than 99 degrees F. For measles is most infectious in its earliest stages, when the symptoms are generally only those of a cold in the head. The typical rash has not yet appeared, but the child is sneezing, blowing a minute spray from its nose with every sneeze. This spray is laden with the germs of the disease. These germs are scattered through the air of the home or the schoolroom and inhaled by the noses of brothers and sisters or schoolmates. It is then, far more than when the disease has developed to the easily recognizable stage, that infection is spread; therefore it is then that the child must be isolated. It is then, far more than when the disease has developed to the easily recognizable stage, that infection is spread; therefore it is then that the child must be isolated.

Knew Their Ways.

"You must diet, madam," said the doctor firmly. "And by dieting I don't mean eating less at the table and more in the pantry."—Exchange.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

ALL AROUND THE FARM

CARING FOR FOALS.

Proper Method of Feeding Young Horses During the Second Year. (Prepared by United States Department of Agriculture.)

Foals should be changed from dry feed to pasture gradually and should not be turned on pasture until the grass is old enough not to become watery. Grass is an indispensable factor in the economical and proper physiological development of young horses. Frequently, in protected blue grass mountain valleys, they thrive the year round on pasture alone. A visit to the foal pasture every few days may be the means of early discovering sickness or injury. The feet of the young animals should be noticed on such visits, and if the hoofs are too long or high on one side they should be trimmed properly. A failure to keep the feet level



A LIGHT STALLION.

may result in cracked hoofs or crooked joints. Barbed wire should not be used for fencing the pasture. Smooth woven wire is best. If a colt should be cut, disinfest the wound, and if it is a very large one have it sewed up. The wound should be dusted frequently with boracic acid or air slaked lime until healed and then greased with vasoline so the hair will grow properly. The animals should have plenty of fresh water and salt, and in hot weather they require shade.

During the second winter the feed and management should be nearly the same as for the first winter, except that the quantity of feed should be increased somewhat, the colt tied up in his stall and handled frequently. Education by gentle and careful but firm handling at this age will save later much strenuous labor. In this connection farmers' bulletin 667, "Breaking and Training Colts," should be consulted.

The succeeding years are largely a repetition of those already discussed so far as feed and management are concerned, although the quantity of feed must be gradually increased as the animal grows. The prime general essentials for the proper development of horses from the yearling stage until they are put to work are: Fresh air, pure water, plenty of exercise, nutritious, palatable feed in sufficient quantity and shelter from severe weather.

GRAZING THE WOOD LOT.

Stock Trample the Ground Hard and Eat the Seedlings.

Unrestricted grazing in the wood lot is a losing proposition, says the New York College of Agriculture. The farm wood lot cannot serve profitably for the production of timber and also as a pasture for stock. Either all grazing should be stopped and the area given over exclusively to the growth and reproduction of trees or else the trees should be cut and the land used for the production of grass. Nearly all the wood lots of New York state are important enough to make worth while their exclusive use for the production of timber and cordwood. A wood lot properly protected from injury and carefully managed can be made a valuable asset to the farm. Not the least of the dangers to the wood lot is that due to excessive grazing.

When allowed to run for any length of time in a wood lot stock so trample the ground that it becomes hard and impervious. The natural mulch of leaves is either eaten off or ground into the soil, resulting in excess evaporation and rapid drying of soil about the tree roots. Often the surface roots are injured, and any tendency which the air may have to circulate in the upper layers of the soil is stopped. The tree seeds as well as those of the grasses find the ground hard and dry, where germination is difficult if not impossible. Those few seedlings which secure a root hold and grow prove a tender morsel for the stock or are trampled underfoot.

The farmer who tries to economize by grazing his wood lot will soon find that he is burning the candle at both ends. The more mature trees are severely handicapped, and the reproduction is destroyed. For the use of a poor, unsatisfactory pasture he is crippling the growth of his timber and losing all chances of a natural second crop.

Molasses Not a Hog Feed.

We have fed molasses in an experiment recently, and it did not prove to be a successful hog feed. It contains a very low percentage of protein, only a little above 1 per cent. The carbohydrate content is a little less than 50 per cent, and it contains practically no fat. It is more successfully used in connection with feeding cattle and horses than in feeding hogs. I would not advise it to be used for this purpose.—W. L. Fowler, Department of Animal Husbandry, Oklahoma Agricultural College.

Its Mission.

"Are you going to earth?" asked the star of the comet. "Yes," replied the comet, "and when I get there I will a tail unfold."—Baltimore American.

The Giraffe.

In its native country of Africa the giraffe sometimes attains the height of seventeen feet.

REAL APPETIZERS

How to Tempt the Family Taste Even When It's Jaded.

CANNY WAYS OF FLAVORING.

You Can Make Old Standby Dishes Appear Like a French Chef's Triumph by Combining Familiar Foods in New Way—Just Try a Few For Fun.

If you have had baked, stuffed, fried, escapaded and raw tomatoes until the family resents their appearance on the table try stewing them with several grated onions. The most delicate way to stew tomatoes is in a double boiler, using no water upon them.

A single clove cooked in the cream of tomato soup will give it that different flavor so frequently desired. And two or three will also improve vegetable soup. Be careful not to overdo the flavoring in any dish. The delicate suggestion is all a good cook favors.

A pinch of nutmeg may be added to spinach with pleasing results, coriander seeds or a clove to beets, and curry powder—a mere trifle—to Brussels sprouts. The epicure would doubtless enjoy a sifting of nutmeg on his cantaloupe, especially if he likes also a bit of sugar with it.

Onions baked in their skins is a most uncommon way of preparing this vegetable, but it has its advocates among those persons who do not upon corn roasted in the husk, potatoes cooked in their jackets and bananas baked in the peeling. The true flavor is preserved by such concentration of heat.

Those who condemn summer squash for its insipidity may have a change of heart if an onion be cooked with the vegetable. It takes away that flat taste.

Grated cheese is very useful in covering a multitude of common things. It is good sprinkled over lettuce and is excellent added to salad dressings for most of the vegetable salads. It blends deliciously with potatoes in any form, and some persons cannot conceive an apple pie without such an accompaniment. To grate the cheese over the pie and place in a hot oven long enough to melt is the latest wrinkle.

An omelet is a dainty dish always, but it takes on a more savory air when some minced mushrooms or nut leaves are mixed with it.

If you make a practice of hiding a surprise in the croquettes no difficulty will be encountered in inducing the family to consume these palatable left over concoctions. A nut or a cherry, a mushroom, a plump raisin, a date, an olive or a bit of fig or candied ginger might serve as the coveted surprise.

Marshmallows sometimes prove to be just the touch that makes the dessert go around—so often! Cover a fruit trapezoid pudding with them and brown in the oven or fill the cavities of baked peaches with them and brown. If whipped cream is often used vary it by adding some melted chocolate or cinnamon to it.

Many think that grapefruit cannot be improved, but doubtless they have never eaten it sweetened with honey instead of sugar or had a few spoonfuls of grape juice poured over it. Let the honey stand on it overnight. Other fruits may be treated in the same fashion. Honey is especially good on baked apples.

By the way, did you know that a thin section of grapefruit was the latest thing to serve with afternoon tea in place of lemon?

For the usual bread pudding substitute apples, peaches or cherries for the customary raisins.

Try baking pears just as you would apples, stuffing the cavities with nuts or candied ginger. If the pan of apples to be baked is set on top of the stove and allowed to boil about ten minutes before setting in the oven they will not shrink so much in the baking. Peeling the fruit about halfway down will produce a much neater looking specimen, and slashing the peeling in four places at the top will prevent bursting.

When canning fruit don't forget to inject the unusual if there is a chance for it. Lemon juice, cinnamon and allspice will improve almost any jam, generally so cloying. Apples are fine added to chili sauce, also to many jams and jellies.

"War Calves."

Tracy O. Drake, who is chairman of a committee of hotel men working on the conservation movement with the National Council of Defense, has asked the women who can afford to keep pet dogs to adopt at least one "war calf" and bring it up till it becomes of respectable beef size. He has bought 150 calves and taken them out to Lake Geneva to grow fat for their country. Some of the women of the Illinois Kennel club already have begun to take an interest in war calves.

Mr. Drake states that a three or four months old calf can be purchased at the stockyards for \$20 and is as good an investment as a liberty bond. Mr. Drake predicts the plan will result in the saving of 200,000,000 pounds of beef to the United States.

Peach Water Ice.

Rob peaches through a sieve until one cupful is obtained. Boil one-half pound of lump sugar with two cupfuls of water and the strained juice of one lemon for ten minutes and add it to the peach puree. Add a few drops of red color and one-half teaspoonful of almond extract. When cold freeze in the usual way.

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AIRPLANES SAVED FRANCE.

They Proved Their Great Value After the Belgian Invasion Began.

"Had it not been for the French air service," says Burton J. Hendrick in the World's Work, "France would have been destroyed in the first few weeks of the great world war."

"For years the French general staff had expected an attack through Belgium. This strategic railroad which the Germans were so painstakingly building up to the Belgian frontier could convey no other meaning. Yet the Frenchmen still believed that the main onslaught would come across the French frontier and had made their plans for their greatest resistance in this region. France entered the war with only about 100 army airplanes, but Germany, which had foreseen the part this new instrument was to play, had a much larger equipment."

"Yet a few days after the Belgian invasion began French aviators flying near the Belgian-German frontier saw a slight change in the French operations. The Germans were crossing the frontier in enormous numbers, and the fact became apparent that in this section the main attack was to come. This news, flashed to General Joffre, caused that sudden alteration in his plans that made possible the successful battles of early September."

"Had it not been for this operation the French army would have concentrated for the Germans in force on the Alsace-Lorraine frontier, and the whole territory, from Belgium to Paris and Calais, would have been left open to the German onslaught—that is, the war would have ended according to the calculations which had been so carefully made in Germany."

HIS OPINION OF LINCOLN.

It Was Well Founded, He Had Every Reason to Believe.

I happened to be at Atlanta, Ga., over Lincoln's birthday, writes John Kendrick Bangs in "From Pillar to Post," and it pleased me beyond measure to find printed on the first page of one of the prominent newspapers of that beautiful city a three column cut of Abraham Lincoln, with a suitable tribute in verse.

After eating my breakfast on the morning of the 11th I called for a while in the office of the massive Georgian Terrace hotel, smoking my cigar and glancing over the news in the paper. As I was about to toss the paper aside a fine old type of southern gentleman seated himself on the divan alongside me and in the usual courteous manner of the country gave me a morning salutation. I responded in kind and then tapping my paper, observed:

"That is a fine picture of Lincoln." "Yes, suh; a very fine picture, suh," he replied. "I never had the honor of seeing Mr. Lincoln, suh, but from all I hear, suh, he must have resembled that picture pretty close, suh."

"It is a delight to me to find it in one of your southern newspapers," said I, "especially in one so influential in the south as this."

"Yes, suh," he answered. "It shows that the south is not slow to recognize genius, suh, wherever it is found, suh. But," he added, "there is no occasion for surprise, suh. We have always appreciated Mr. Lincoln's greatness down here, and we have admired him, suh, although we have had reason to believe that during the late unpleasantness, suh, he was considerable of a northern sympathizer, suh."

"Freeze" at Airplanes' Approach.

All soldiers are now instructed what to do when a hostile scouting airplane is sighted by troops on the march.

On the warning "Airplane!" every man drops on his right knee, with his head bent well over the muzzle of his rifle, which is held in a sloping position in front of the body. To look up is fatal, for it creates a sea of white faces. All ranks then remain as motionless as they possibly can until the airplane has passed over them. In fact, they may be said to "freeze," as wild animals freeze when seeking to evade observation.—London Mirror.

When a man is no longer anxious to do better than well he is done for.—B. R. Haydon.

When the Paint Wears Off.

There are sometimes places on the exterior of a house where the paint gets worn off and which cannot be retouched without making a "latch job" of it owing to the difficulty of mixing the new paint to match the adjoining color which has faded. To preserve the wood in such spots until the house can be repainted apply two coats of linseed oil with a rag. This will improve the appearance also.—Popular Science Monthly.

Lived in a Glass House.

"He's already gone through two fortunes." "Well, I'm not going to criticize him. Judging from the judgment I've shown in investing what little money I've ever had, I'd have gone through two fortunes, too, if I had had them."—Detroit Free Press.

Washington's Bowery.

Pennsylvania avenue, in your expectation the Broadway of Washington, is more or less its Bowery, since proprietors, aware that the government will soon take over their holdings, see no object in improving them. Dowdy hotels bid for lodgers at 50 cents a night, 25 even. Shop windows teem with souvenirs—the capitol on brass slippers, the capitol on silver purses, the capitol on patriotic dusters, the capitol illuminated with mother-of-pearl. Chop suey resorts abound. On the way to his inauguration each new president passes a "home of burlesque," a penny arcade, a tattooist's studio and the shrine where a "beautiful lady painter" reveals your name. And yet at the end of this amazing thoroughfare rises the marble-domed dome that crowns the capitol, which crowns a lovely eminence.—Rollin Lynde Hart in Century.

Miss Annie Pouliot, 16, of Manchester, N. H., was drowned while bathing.

A CONTRAST IN POLICE.

As They Are Seen In Norway, Sweden and Denmark.

In Christiania the policeman is a mild and amiable citizen in a rather shiny coat and none too neat who stands in the middle of the roadway and tries to maintain some semblance of order in the democratic muddle of the city's traffic.

In Stockholm the policeman is a walking arsenal, with sword and pistol and a brass helmet, and the arrest of a disorderly person becomes an act of state. There the policeman represents the high authority of a proud country. He fulfills his duty with a stern severity. He is the symbol of law and established order.

In Copenhagen the policeman is neither the happy-go-lucky citizen who patrols the streets of Norway nor is he a creature of resplendent glory like his colleague in Sweden. He strikes a happy medium. In this he is an excellent representative of a land where the art of sensible and peaceful living seems to have been brought to its highest perfection, where everybody seems well fed, where beggars are as scarce as very rich people and where the women live up to the best traditions of the charming china which is made in the royal residence of Denmark.—Hendrik Willem Van Loon in Century.

DEAD, YET STILL IT LIVES.

A Most Curious Freak of Nature Is the Vegetable Caterpillar.

Among the many strange growths, apparently freaks of nature, which are to be found in New Zealand the vegetable caterpillar readily ranks among the foremost. This caterpillar is several inches in length, is hairless and does not differ essentially in appearance from some of the caterpillars of our own land.

Its claim to distinction lies in the fact that when it gets ready to die it digs a hole for itself in the earth and completely buries itself. Later a slender green shoot springs from the spot. This bears two or more leaves near its top.

Upon investigation it is found that the green shoot springs from the head of the dead caterpillar, and farther investigation develops the fact that the body of the caterpillar is filled with roots.

The form is retained without change, and the roots do not pierce through the skin or enter the ground. When dug up this dead yet living freak presents a most odd appearance, for the head and even the eyes of the caterpillar are distinctly seen, yet from the head is growing the green sprout, with its leaves.

Simplicity of Jenny Lind.

Jenny Lind must have been the most simple, unpretending prima donna that ever lived. When she first visited England she was bound to sing only at the Royal Italian Opera House, and when commanded to sing at the queen's concert she was obliged to refuse. Very sorry to be compelled to notify this, she ordered her carriage, and drove straight to Buckingham palace. She handed her card to an official, who, not unreasonably, declined to take it. A higher authority happened to pass and took it upon himself to present it. As soon as her majesty saw it she said, "Admit her by all means." Jenny Lind appeared and said simply that she was so very sorry to be unable to sing at her majesty's concert that she thought it better to call herself and explain. The queen was charmed with her natural manner, gave her a cordial reception and promised to be her friend.

Jackals and Crocodile Eggs.

Jackals and hyenas are very fond of crocodile eggs. The former is the more successful poacher of the two. Natives of central Africa say that the jackal has sixteen eyes, with one of which he watches the eggs and with the fifteen others he looks out for the crocodile. The hyena, on the other hand, being very greedy, has all his eyes on the eggs and so often falls a victim to the watchful crocodile in motionless hiding. The natives say, too, that the crocodile sometimes knocks its prey off the bank or off the canoe with its tail and then seizes it with its wide open jaws.

The Earth and Man Compared.

If it were possible for a man to construct a globe 500 feet in height—much less than twice the height of the Washington monument—and to place upon any portion of its surface an atom one four thousand three hundred and eighty-eight of an inch in diameter and one one hundred and twentieth of an inch in height, it would correctly denote the proportions man bears to the gigantic globe upon which he stands.

Lazy Larks.

Investigation has ruined the lark's reputation for early rising. That much celebrated bird is quite a sluggard, as it does not rise till long after chafinch. Innets and a number of bedfow birds have been up and about for some time.

Pa's Weakness.

Little Nell—You've got a good papa, Willie. Willie—Pa ain't so bad, but I wish he wasn't so much in love with mamma. Why, he believes everything she says about me.

Got Monotonous.

"Why don't you call your hotel the Breakers any more?" "Aw, everybody had to crack an illegal joke as he paid his bill."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Being Alone when one's belief is firm is not being alone.—Auerbach.

Which Was the Bigger?

It is very amusing to try to repeat this: Mrs. Bigger had a baby. Which was the bigger? The baby was a little Bigger. Which was the bigger, Mr. Bigger or the baby? Mr. Bigger was Father Bigger. Mr. Bigger died. Was the baby then bigger than Mrs. Bigger? No, for the baby was fatherless.—Kansas City Star.

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proper size and neatly dis-
played, your communication
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Many things difficult to design pro-
vide to perform.—Johnson.

Plow Early For Wheat.
The earlier ground is plowed for
wheat the better. The longer the plow-
ing is delayed the smaller the yield.
says the Kansas Farmer. The loss is
about one bushel per acre for every
week the soil preparation is delayed.
The average wheat yield at the Kansas
experiment station for the last six
years on ground prepared in the mid-
dle of July is twenty-two and one-half
bushels per acre, while the average for
the land prepared in September is only
fifteen bushels. If the land cannot be
plowed the next best thing is to disk
it. This will help get the soil ready and
will kill the weeds that sap the mois-
ture from the earth.

Human Nature.
"Do man who admits that he kin be
kared," said Uncle Eben, "generally
put up a better fight than de man dat's
kiss bladin' 'bout what a hero he is."—
Washington Star.

Laying the Snare.
"For whom is she wearing black,
her late husband?"
"No, for her next. She knows she
looks well in it."



WILLIAM J. ROBINSON

CHAPTER III.
Christmas in the Trenches.
SOON after this I received orders
to proceed by automobile to Acre
and wait for instructions. Acre
was at that time the headquarters of
the Indian contingent, and I was an-
xious to see the Indians in action. After
two days' waiting there I got orders to
go to Boeschepe and report myself for
duty to Lieutenant McNulty. Boeschepe
was not far away, so I started
at once and arrived before dark. I
found Lieutenant McNulty without any
trouble, and he told me to report to
him again the next morning, as he
would not want me that day.
I found a cafe where there was room
for me, and I made myself comfortable.
The place was full of Indian troops, and
I was very much interested in them, as
they were the first I had seen in France.
That night I went around the village
to see all there was to be seen, and un-
intentionally I stayed out after 8
o'clock. I was making my way back to
my billet along the middle of the road.
It was as dark as pitch, and I couldn't
see a yard in front of me. Suddenly I
bumped into something, and quicker
than a flash two hands closed around
my throat. My mouth just naturally
opened wide, and I yelled "Friend!"
The loudest I ever yelled in my life.
Then a light shone in my face, and I
saw it was a great big Sikh on sentry
go. As soon as he saw my uniform it
was all right, but I was shivering for
half an hour, and I vowed I'd never go
yowling around at night again as long
as I remained within the Indian lines.
The Indians are the most religious
people I ever saw. They seem to live
only for their religion, and all their ac-

The Gurkhas Pray to Their Koorkee,
Most Murderous Looking Knife.

tions are governed by it. Their belief
in warfare is to ask no quarter and to
give none. They will fight until the last
gasp.

The Gurkhas pray to their koorkee,
the most murderous looking knife I
ever saw. They never draw that knife
unless they spill blood, and if you
want to see one of the weapons you
must let them cut your finger before
you may look at it. These Gurkhas are
supposed to be the best fighters of any
of the Indian troops, and in recognition
of this fact their pay is just 1 half-
penny a day less than that of the white
soldier.

The Sikh places caste above every-
thing. He will not drink from any-
thing that has been used by a white
man, for if he did he would lose caste.
If he happens to be eating and a white
man's shadow falls across the Sikh's
food he will starve rather than touch it
again.

The Indians got along very well with
the French people, and some of them
could even talk a little broken French.
The suffering among the Indians dur-
ing the first winter was terrible, but
they bore it all fairly cheerfully and
did their duty well. They are not
trench fighters, though, and cannot
play the waiting game. They want to
get out at the enemy, and the officers
have their work cut out to keep them
in the trenches for very long.

The Germans certainly did not like
the Indians a little bit. The Indians
believe regarding no quarter is not es-
pecially nice to think about, and their
natural instincts are hard to control.
They have a weakness for cutting off
ears and heads and keeping other little
souvenirs. The Germans know this
and naturally it puts the fear of death
into them.

I spent Christmas day of 1914 in the
trenches just south of Ypres. Christ-
mas eve was a beautiful night, and the
Germans who held the trenches oppo-
site left us very much alone the entire
evening. We didn't bother them either.
There was a beautiful moon, and
with everything so quiet and peaceful
it was hard to realize that there was
a war on. During the evening the Ger-
mans started singing, and I heard
some of the most beautiful music I
ever listened to in my life. The song

MY FOURTEEN MONTHS AT THE FRONT

An American Boy's
Baptism of Fire

By WILLIAM J. ROBINSON

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The most graphic account of the
great war that has yet been written
comes from the pen of a twenty-two-
year-old Boston boy, who has just re-
turned from France, where as dragon
guardman, dispatch rider and motor-
car driver he served fourteen months
under the British flag. Out of thirty-
one motorcar dispatch riders he was
one of four survivors.

might start just opposite us, and it
would be taken up all along the line,
and soon it would seem as if all the
Germans in Belgium were singing.
When they had finished we would ap-
plaud with all our might, and then we
would give them a song in return.

A regiment in the trenches started
"My Old Kentucky Home." The men
were getting well along with it when
some one in the German trenches join-
ed the singing in just as good English
as any of us could speak. It was beau-
tiful, but it made me awfully home-
sick. After they had finished the same
German voice sang "Dancing Around,"
and, believe me, that fellow could sing
ragtime. He was applauded uproari-
ously, and then we sang some more
popular songs for them, and so it went
until the wee small hours of the morn-
ing.

During the night a couple of our
chaps crawled up almost to the Ger-
man parapet, and with them they took
a photograph and a record. They
wound up the machine, put on the re-
cord and attached a piece of string to
the starting lever. Then they crawled
back, unwinding the string as they
came. The next morning they pulled
the string, and it started the machine
playing the song which was so popu-
lar in England at that time, "When We
Wind Up the Watch on the Rhine."
You can bet that that photograph was
filled full of lead in short order.

During the few weeks directly after
Christmas I was in the trenches just
south of Ypres most of the time. When
on duty in the daytime it was not so
bad, but the nights were awful. The
Germans had the advantage over us
in that their trenches were on higher
ground, and they drained all the water
down into our own. We had only
buckets to bail with, and it was very
slow work, as well as dangerous.
Then, too, the cold weather increased
our troubles.

I notice in my diary, which I kept
from time to time, that I entered an
incident which shows our state. I will
quote you just what I wrote:

"Dec. 27, 1914.—Was talking with
two boys of the Royal Scots today.
They have just come down from the
Hollabeke trenches, and they are in ter-
rible condition. Their casualties dur-
ing the last engagement were light, as
they lost only four killed and nineteen
wounded, but forty-two died from ex-
posure.

"One poor devil tells me that he has
three brothers and fifteen cousins in
his battalion. Two of his brothers
died during the past two weeks. One
stopped a bullet, but the other one
drowned right by his side in the
trenches, and he was unable to aid
him.

"A lot came in on their hands and
knees, and many came dragging them-
selves on their stomachs through the
mud. It was terrible."

One of the saddest things I have
ever seen is the last roll call of a re-
giment which has been cut to pieces.
I saw one regiment go into action for
the first time.

I watched them go up singing and
shouting and in high spirits generally.
They were 1,100 strong going into ac-
tion, but two days later they came
out, and there were only twenty-three
of them to answer the last roll call.
It was a heartbreaking sight and im-
possible to forget.

One day I went to some trenches our
division had just taken over. The wa-
ter was above our knees, and there was
also about a foot of soft mud. In feel-
ing around for a firmer foothold my
foot struck something more solid than
the ground around me. I started
stamping and kicking about, but I
couldn't seem to make it give way. Be-
ing curious, one of my comrades and I
dug down with trenching tools.
What we unearthed was the body of a
dead Frenchman. Heaven only knows
how long he had been there, but he
was as black as a derby hat.

At this time the Dickebusch-Hol-
beke road was alive with snipers. In
some way they would get through our
lines and secret themselves along the
road, where they could pick off individ-
uals without much fear of being seen.
I noticed that there was one place in
particular where we always heard a
bullet pass too close to be comfortable.
It was a little wooden bridge, and I
don't think I ever crossed it without
hearing one whine past me.

One day I rode up with a second lieut-
enant of the Royal Engineers. As we
crossed the bridge a bullet whizzed be-
tween us, but when I looked at the offi-
cer he did not appear to have noticed it,
so I didn't say anything. About
three hours later we were coming back
the same way. Just before we came to
the bridge he said:

"That blasted sniper has potted at
me once too often. We'll leave the
road here and sneak down opposite
that bridge under cover of the trees.
Let us see if we can find the blighter.
We'll wait until he pots at somebody
else, and you keep your ears stretched
and try to locate where the report
comes from."

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

We tethered our horses to a tree and
crept down to a point just about op-
posite the bridge. After a few min-
utes an empty transport wagon came
along. As this hit the bridge I dis-
tinctly heard the crack of a rifle, but
it came from behind and to the right
of us. We heard the bullet sing over
our heads and saw the driver duck and
put the whip to his horses.

Very quietly we crawled back in the
direction from which the report had
come. After going about 100 yards we
lay still and waited. Pretty soon we
heard the rifle crack again, and it
wasn't very far away, but was still
behind us. We went a little farther,
and the lieutenant whispered: "Keep
your eyes skinned. Watch the trees."

I could see no sign of life anywhere,
but I knew that the sniper must be
very close. After several minutes' wait
the report came again, and this time it
was so close that I jumped. We heard
the electrically back and the bolt snap
home again. And then I saw him!

The sniper was well up in a tree,
and he was almost invisible, so well
was a screen of branches drawn up
around him. His rifle was fitted up in
a tripod, and the legs of this tripod
were nailed to the branches of the tree.
All he had to do was to sit there and
pull the trigger. I eased back the bolt
of my rifle so as to make no noise,
and I eased it home again. The lieut-
enant drew his revolver, and we took
a steady aim together.

"Fire," he said softly, and the two
shots rang out as one. Mr. Snulper
came down like a thousand brick.

I climbed the tree to have a look at
his nest, and it certainly was ingenious.
That rifle was fixed dead across the
center of the bridge, so all he had to
do was to pull the trigger when he
heard anything strike the wooden
planking of the bridge. It was a pre-
tty little scheme, but it came to an end
as all things, good or bad, must.

Other traps such as this were all too
common along this road, but eventual-
ly we cleared the most of them out.
Many of the snipers would wear civil-
ian clothes, some would be wearing the
British uniform, and some would have
the nerve to use their own uni-
forms.

We captured a few of these beauties
alive. Their admissions were almost
unbelievable. They confessed to hav-
ing patrolled the road every night and
actually greeted any of our chaps they
chanced to pass. They knew the
names of most of the regiments in that
vicinity, and some of them even knew
the nicknames our fellows had for
their officers. It is a job that requires
heaps of nerve, but it is a dirty, despi-
cable game.

A German sniper was killed one
night, and the fellows who brought
him down decided to play a joke on
an Irishman in their regiment. They
took the body of the sniper and carried
it about a hundred yards off the road,
where they propped it up against a
tree and also fixed a rifle to its shoul-
der. Then they went in search of the
Irishman. When they found him they
told him that he had been ordered to
go up the road and hunt for a sniper
who was potting at the passing traffic.

The Irishman took his rifle and went
out in search of the German. Of
course he found him, for he couldn't
have passed without seeing the trap
which had been laid for him. The
minute he caught sight of the gray
uniform he dropped behind a bale of
hay which was lying on the side of the
road and started firing at the supposed
sniper. The fellows who had sent him
up there came along and without being
observed by the effect of their joke
proceeded to enjoy the fun. The Irish-
man couldn't understand how it was
possible for him to miss his mark at
such a short range, and at each shot
he was sweating at his luck. Finally
he hit the body so many times it fell
over, and it was not until then that he
realized how he had been fooled.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Psychology of Sleep.

The psychology of sleep is a vast and
little explored subject. Sleep deepens
to trance, trance to death. Therefore
in life, speaking somewhat paradoxi-
cally, sleep is most akin to death.
Whether the spirit is parted from the
body and goes long journeys through
space or whether it is in a state of
one long dream, parts of which we are
alone conscious of, is a matter for the
Society of Psychical Research. Yet
many of us have dreamed things, seen
things or even spoken and heard things
in sleep which we have seen, heard or
spoken later on in reality. We can
more or less follow the stages up to
the final sleep of all, but here we must
pause and, with Hamlet, in vain at-
tempt to learn what lies beyond the
veil, "And in that sleep of death what
dreams may come!"—London Globe.

A Minister of Magic.

In the course of an address delivered
in London Canon Parfit of Hagdad said
that what impressed native rulers in
the east was the scrupulous honesty of
the English officials. The sultan of
Turkey on one occasion was watching a
conjurer. The British ambassador,
who was present, remarked that it was
"wonderful."

"No," said the sultan, "not so won-
derful as all that. I once had a min-
ister of marine who swallowed a bat-
tle-ship—at least he had the money for
it, and I've never seen the money or
the ship!"

Pigs on Pasture.

Pigs on pasture usually get enough
exercise. They should have a clean,
dry, well ventilated shelter to guard
against exposure to storms and to sup-
ply shade. A concrete wall will add to
the pigs' comfort, and a layer of oil
on the water will keep down lice. Clean
bedding also helps to keep away lice,
as well as an oiled sack on a rubbing post
or sprinkling the pigs with crude oil
every two weeks.

To supply mineral matter and a tonic
the following mineral mixture is good.
It always should be accessible. Dis-
solve the copperas in hot water and
sprinkle over the mixture: Copperas,
two pounds; slaked lime, four pounds;
wood ashes, one bushel; sulphur, four
pounds; salt, eight pounds; fine char-
coal, one bushel.

FIGHT OFF WORRY.

Do Not Waste Nervous Strength and
Energy in Useless Fretting.

The immediate cause of neuralgia
is poison in the blood. Therefore our
object is to keep the blood pure and
healthy, as it is only when the blood
is poor that the neuralgic poisons de-
velop in it. Poor blood is caused by
lack of sleep, lack of fresh air, improper
food and overfatigue, by too little
exercise and by mental worry.

Nothing is easier to say than "Don't
worry" and few things so difficult to
carry out. But by "don't worry" the
doctors mean do not waste valuable
nervous strength and energy in fret-
ting over things beyond your control.
Make a point of putting all anxiety
from you during meals and, above all,
when you go to bed. Train yourself to
think of something cheerful as you try
to go to sleep. Otherwise your sleep
will be harassed and fitful and will do
you very little good.

He was a wise man who made it a
rule to think of nothing disagreeable
after 10 o'clock at night. He at any
rate could never have been a victim to
neuralgia.

Keep up the general tone of the nerv-
ous system and you will have little dif-
ficulty in keeping off nervous ailments,
notably neuralgia.—London Mail.

MADE MALTA A GARDEN.

The Island Was Once Merely a Rock
In the Mediterranean.

What Malta was like before the
Maltese found it one cannot imagine,
says the Manchester Guardian. Pro-
bably there was some soil some-
where, hidden among the little valleys
that scar the golden rock. But there
was very little soil. Most of the island
must have been just plain rock, with
nothing in particular to recommend it.

But somewhere in the dawn of his-
tory there came an industrious, in-
genious race and proceeded to make
the best of it. They have been doing
that all down the centuries, till now
they have reduced it to a fine art, and
the barren rock is a garden from end
to end.

They realized, those clever Maltese,
that, although they might not have
earth enough to grow their food, there
were plenty of people who had enough
and to spare. So they sent their ships
aboard, and the ships came back load-
ed with just plain earth. This earth
they took and spread on the ledges of
their rocks and sowed their seed and
reaped their harvests and prospered ex-
ceedingly, till now fruits and flowers
might be a fitting name for the island.

Study the Words.

Noah Webster started with 70,000
words. That was in 1828, when the
first edition of his dictionary was pub-
lished. In the next edition, that of
1864, the list had grown to 114,000.
Noah had died in the meantime, but his
heirs and assigns continued his work.
In 1890 a total of 175,000 words were
listed. Since then the number has
grown more than doubled. It is now about
400,000.

Of course nobody could be expected
to learn all those words, nor is it ne-
cessary. Whenever in your reading you
come across a word the meaning of
which is not entirely clear to you drop
your book or newspaper, as the case
may be, and consult the dictionary.
Don't delay. If you do probably you
will never look the word up. It is sur-
prising how many words one may add
to one's vocabulary by this simple
method.—New York Times.

An Egyptian Delicacy.

Every country has its own little de-
licacies, and Egypt is famous for its
kabobs. The kabob is broiled meat,
but it is broiled in so ridiculous a fash-
ion as to be really funny. The peddler
uses a little charcoal furnace some-
thing like that in use by our plumbers.
In it he keeps up a small but hot fire.
Attached to the side of the furnace are
a lot of iron skewers. When a custom-
er approaches the hawk takes a small
piece of meat, mutton or goat, the lat-
ter being the most popular, cuts it with
a sharp knife into a long ribbon, winds
it around the skewer and places it
upon the charcoal fire. Some of the
drippings are collected and, with a lit-
tle salt and spice, make a pleasant
sauce for the kabob when it is done.

The Pepper Vine.

The pepper vine grows best in a
wooded valley where there is plenty of
moisture and abundant foliage to pro-
tect it from the heat of the sun. It is
given a rude sort of cultivation. The
growers plant it, keeping the grass
from its roots, and when the tree near
which it is planted has no lower
branches strings or poles are placed in
proper position to enable the vine to
climb the tree. It needs no further at-
tention.

Bringing the Paradox Home.

"Pa, what's a paradox?"
"It is when the impossible happens."
"Then we had a paradox here this
evening." Ma said you couldn't possi-
bly be expected home before midnight
because you had an excuse for stayin'
downtown."

Wrecked.

"You refused me ten years ago."
"I remember," said the heiress. "You
said it would wreck your life."
"It did. I have had to work for a
living ever since."—Life.

Feminine Reasoning.

Stella—Her gown is just like yours.
Bella—I don't care if hers is a dupli-
cate of mine, but I don't want mine a
duplicate of hers.—Puck.

How many could be made happy
with the blessings which are reckless-
ly thrown away!

Invitation Declined.

The convicted man had just received
his sentence and was being led out.
"Poor man! Is there anything I can
do for you?" asked a sympathetic wo-
man from the audience.
"No, mum," said the prisoner. "un-
less you'd like to do this three years."—
Detroit Saturday Night.

PERSIA'S NATIONAL DRINK.

Sherbet Is the Popular Beverage in
That Thirsty Country.

The great beverage in Persia is sher-
bet, which is plentifully supplied and
of which there are many varieties,
from the bowl of water with a squeeze
of lemon to the clear, concentrated
juice of any sort of fruit to which wa-
ter is added to dilute it.

The preparation of sherbet, which is
done with the greatest care, is a very
important point in so thirsty a country
as Persia and one to which much time
is devoted. It may be either expressed
from the juice of fruit freshly gath-
ered or from the preserved extract of
pomegranates, cherries or lemons, mix-
ed with sugar and submitted to a cer-
tain degree of heat to preserve it for
winter consumption.

Another sherbet much drunk is called
guzanbehen. It is made from the
honey of the tamarisk tree. This honey
is not the work of the bee, but the
product of a small insect or worm liv-
ing in vast numbers under the leaves
of the shrub. During the months of
August and September the insects are
collected and the honey is preserved.
When used for sherbet it is mixed with
vinegar, and, although not so delicious
as that made from fruit, it makes an
excellent temperance beverage.

Only among the rich and fashionable
are glasses used. In all other cases
sherbet is served in china bowls
and drunk from deep wooden spoons
carved in pear wood.

SOLDIERS' UNIFORMS.

They Are Not Khaki, but "Cotton O.
D." or "Wool O. D."

In speaking of the uniforms worn by
the soldiers in the regular army and
the militia do not speak of them as
khaki. It is incorrect, says the Kan-
sas City Star, because the soldiers do
not wear khaki, and, besides, the sol-
diers are not at all pink to the word.

The uniforms worn now are describ-
ed by the war department as "Cotton
O. D." or "Wool O. D." The "O. D."
means olive drab and is descriptive of
the color of the uniforms. Cotton uni-
forms are worn in the summer and
wool in the winter.

Khaki is a word of East Indian ori-
gin, meaning dusty, and comes from
the word khak, meaning dusty. It is a
clay or dust colored cloth, originally
coming from India. It was first worn
by the native British troops and later
by all British troops serving abroad or
on campaign.

It was later adopted by the United
States government for both field and
colonial service because of its service-
able qualities and because it was sup-
posed to make it harder for the enemy
to detect soldiers. The color of the
uniforms was supposed to merge into
the color of the ground.

Khaki is lighter in color than olive
drab, and the khaki cloth is said to be
superior to the cotton uniforms now be-
ing worn in the army.

The Church of Gold.

There is no structure just like St.
Mark's, in Venice, in the world. Its
loft shaped domes and minaret-like
bellies remind the visitor of the ori-
ent. It seems more like a Moham-
medan than a Christian temple. In the
facade are scores of variously colored
marble columns, each one a monolith
and all possessing an eventful history.
Some are from Ephesus, others from
Syria, others from Constantinople
and more than one even from Jerusa-
lem. St. Mark's is the treasure house
of Venice, a place of pride as well as
prayer. The work of beautifying this
old church was carried on for five cen-
turies, and each generation tried to
outdo all that had preceded it. The
walls and roof are so profusely covered
with mosaics and precious marbles that
it is easy to understand why St. Mark's
has been called the "Church of Gold."

Galilei and the Swinging Lamp.

The boy Galilei, sitting with hun-
dreds of others in the Cathedral of
Pisa on a Sunday morning, saw an at-
tendant draw aside the heavy hanging
lamp to light it and then set it swing-
ing. Many other eyes saw the same thing,
but there was only that puls in Galilei's
head which really observed what hap-
pened. He alone noticed that as the
swings of the huge lamp became small-
er and smaller they always took the
same time. He proved it by counting
them with his pulse. He had made a
great discovery, out of which grew the
pendulum clock and the accurate mea-
surement of time.

Praise For the Crozier.

"The crozier," says a Georgia phi-
losopher, "are the boys that keep the
world moving, for when folks are
growing all the time the world stops to
ask the reason and straightaway finds
a remedy for the trouble. If the world
paid any attention to the optimists
things would be at a standstill. Tak-
ing it for granted that everything's
O. K. is the end of progress."—Atlanta
Constitution.

Distinguishing Marks.

"My dinner coat needs a button, Ju-
lia. Please attend to it tonight."
"But I can't tell your dinner coat
from your breakfast jacket, dear."
"Why, the breakfast jacket has eggs
on it and the dinner coat gravy."—
St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Gentle Finality.

"What is the precise significance of
the phrase 'the incident is closed?'"
"It's a polite way," answered Sena-
tor Sorghum, "of saying, 'What are
you going to do about it?'"—Washing-
ton Star.

Everything great is not always good,
but all good things are great.—Demo-
sthenes.

